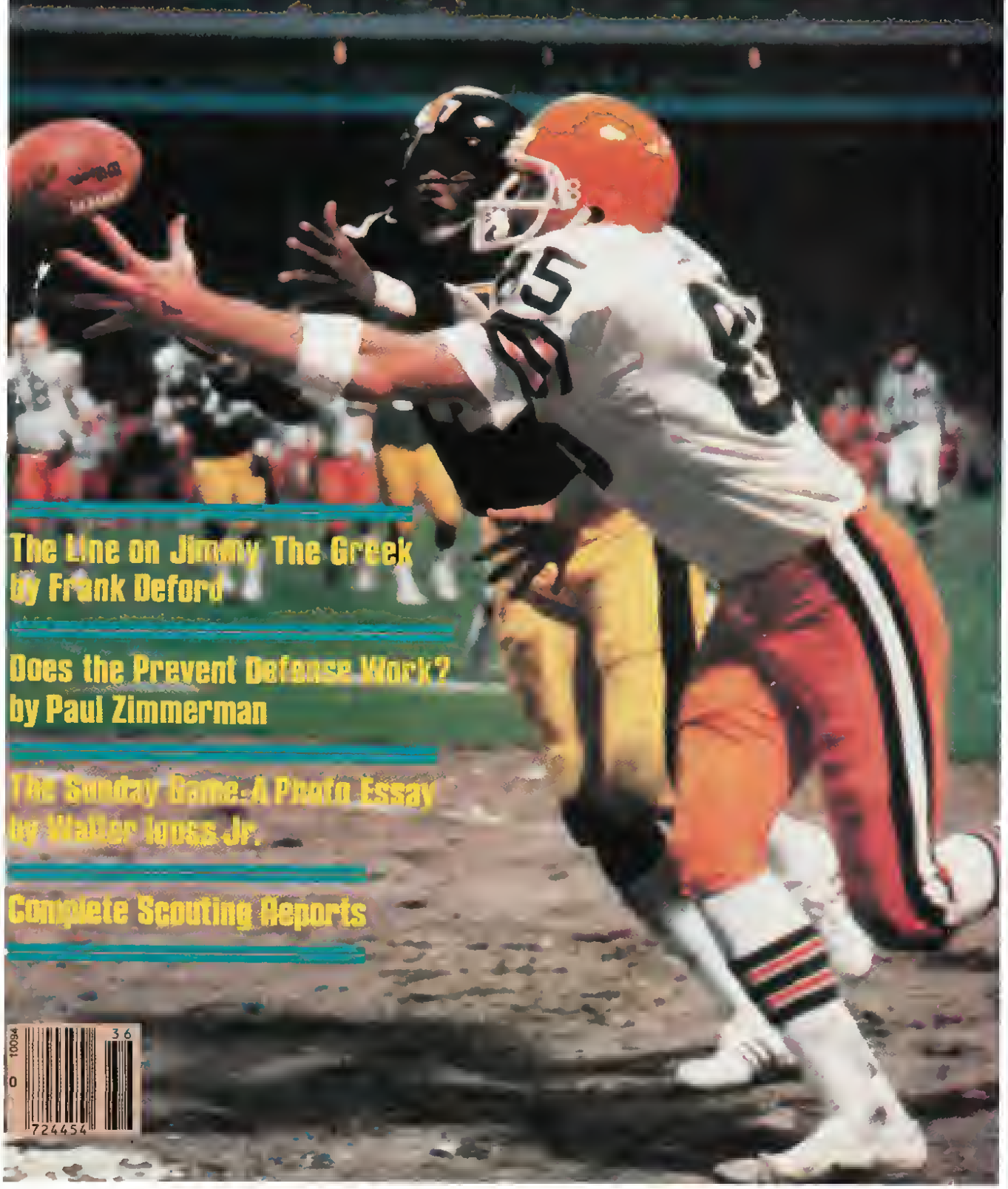
PRO FOOTBALL ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 8, 1980 $1.75



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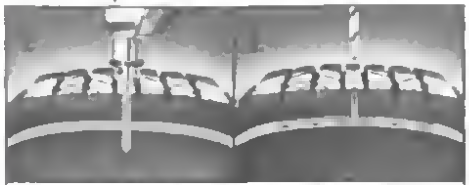
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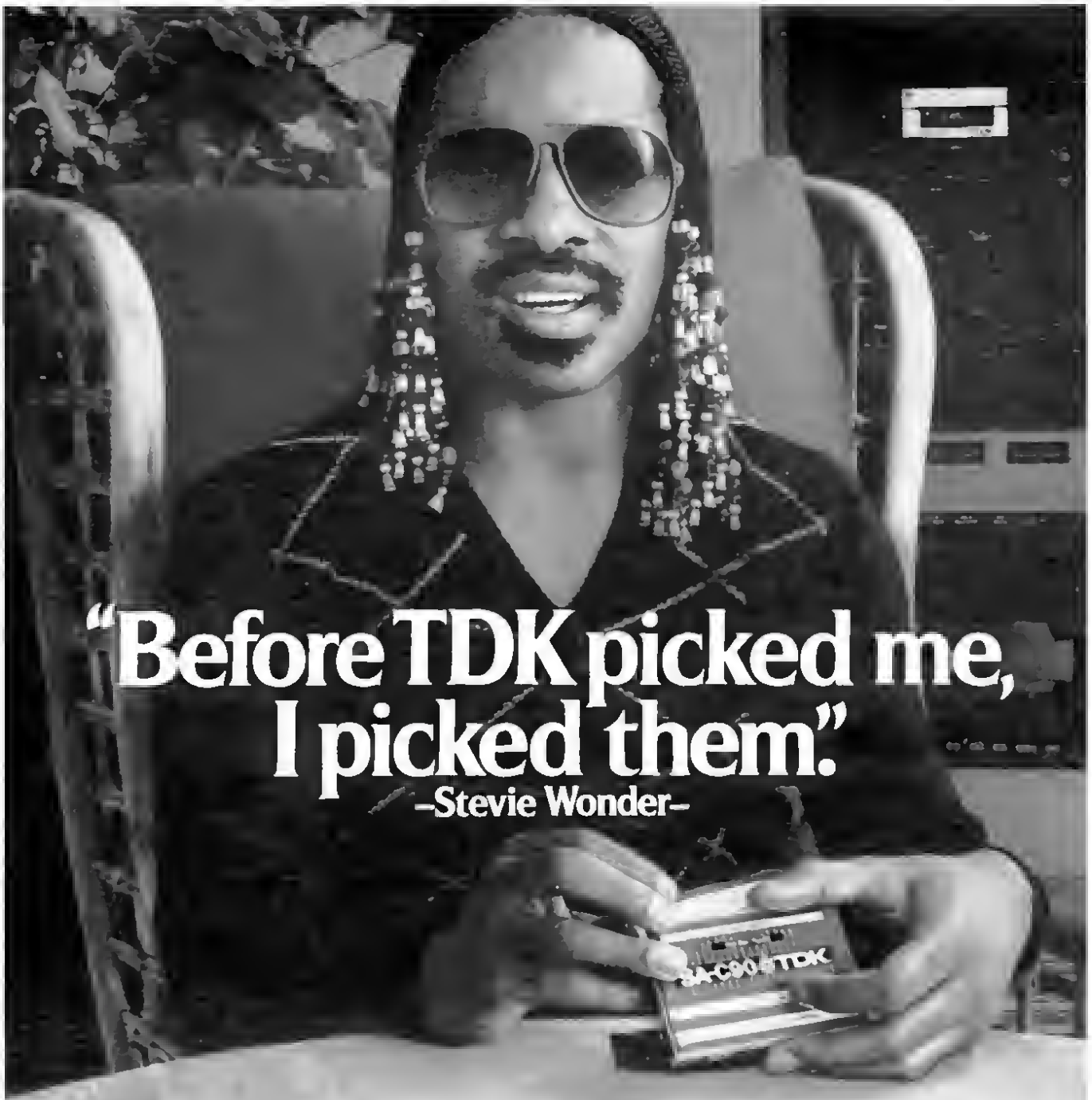
Next Week

YES, VIRGINIA—The University, that is—used to be comfortable with losing, paying more mind to Tradition, Parties and Mistar Jefferson. Now, declares Frank Deford, those times are changing. Football's up, basketball's hot, sports are in.

THE LAST TIME they met, Pittsburgh beat Houston for the AFC championship. They meet again in the opening game of the NFL season, but this time the Oilers have two new weapons in Kan Stabler and Jack Tatum. Paul Zimmerman reports.

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BOOKTALK

by KENNETH RUDEEN

A CLOSE LOOK AT THE AMERICA'S CUP BY A SHARP SKIPPER WHO'S SEEN IT ALL

Bob Bavier's *America's Cup Fever* (Yachting Books/Ziff-Davis, $14.95) is essential reading for anyone who follows competition for the Ould Mug closely. All sailors should find it informative and entertaining, and even landlubbers who but dimly comprehend the triennial jousting off Newport might discover that Bavier's tale of boats and people is sufficiently gripping to compensate for the technical sailing allusions.

I am well aware that many persons go glassy-eyed when asked to cope with nautical terms more complex than "port" and "starboard." Indeed, one of the most astute editors on earth, gazing one day at a photograph of Cup boats in action, asked me, "Which way are they going?" Nevertheless, the non-sailor who believes he could puzzle out such phrases as "on the weather beam" or "luffing above close-hauled" might well take a flyer on the Bavier book for the principal reason anyone would want it: *Cup Fever*, subtitled "An Inside Look at 50 Years of America's Cup Competition," is a rare volume in that it contains candid comment by a true insider on some of the most controversial Cup events of recent years. The New York Yacht Club, whose trophy it is, has the reputation of being stiff-necked and silent. But now comes Bavier, the skipper of *Constellation* in the 1964 Cup defense and of *Courageous* in 1974 until he was replaced by Ted Hood, a member of the NYYC's Cup Selection Committee now and in 1977—*i.e.*, a man of the inner circle—writing, for example, of *Freedom*'s skipper, Dennis Conner, in this unstarchy way, "Match racing, he feels, is a dog-eat-dog affair and he sees nothing wrong in being the meanest dog."

Bavier says that the Australians simply didn't know the rules when *Gretel II* fouled *Intrepid* at the start of a 1970 race—resulting in perhaps the most heated uproar in Cup history. He now reveals that *Gretel's* skipper, Jim Hardy, in a conversation with Bavier before the issue was decided, said he believed the maneuver that caused the foul was perfectly legitimate. That the foul deprived the Aussies of a victory they then proceeded to win on the racecourse was a devastating blow, the more so because, Bavier asserts, *Gretel* was the faster boat of the two and in the end was defeated only because Bill Ficker, the skipper of *Intrepid*, sailed a supremely intelligent series. Bavier writes of this and other episodes with commendable clarity and I-was-there insight. END

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

A MARSHMALLOW-SOFT TRIO OF BILLY MARTIN BIOS—ONE BY BILLY HIMSELF

In what must be viewed as a bloodcurdling case of publishing overkill, we have this season three books, totaling 802 pages, about . . *Billy Martin*! One would have to look long and hard to find a comparable instance of so much being written to so little effect. If anyone is tempted to read all three of these books, please be advised that the process is more painful (and much slower) than the Chinese water torture. Nevertheless, here is a brief guide.

Gene Schoor's *Billy Martin* (Doubleday, $11.95) is an execrable piece of work. Its prose wouldn't pass a high school grammar exam: "He was the pivot man at second base that set a Yankee team record for double plays, 199" is a typical sentence. The author's fawning is chilling. Martin is described as "a shy, honest human being with a generous respect for the truth, loyalty, courage, and, yes, that old-fashioned faith in the Church, Jesus Christ, and the Almighty." The book is loaded with detailed conversations, but at no point did I have any idea where fact ended and fiction began.

Martin's own book, written with Peter Golenbock, is called *Number 1* (Delacorte Press, $11.95). It is an *apologia pro vita sua*, and not a very convincing one. Martin portrays himself as the innocent party in all his fistfights ("I'm never the one who starts them"), as a misunderstood and put-upon fellow who only wants to do what's right; the trouble is, as his book emphasizes, that his conception of "right" is so self-serving and inflexible that disputes are inevitable. This book mightily upset George Steinbrenner, who reportedly tried to halt its publication; a more mature response would have been to ignore it.

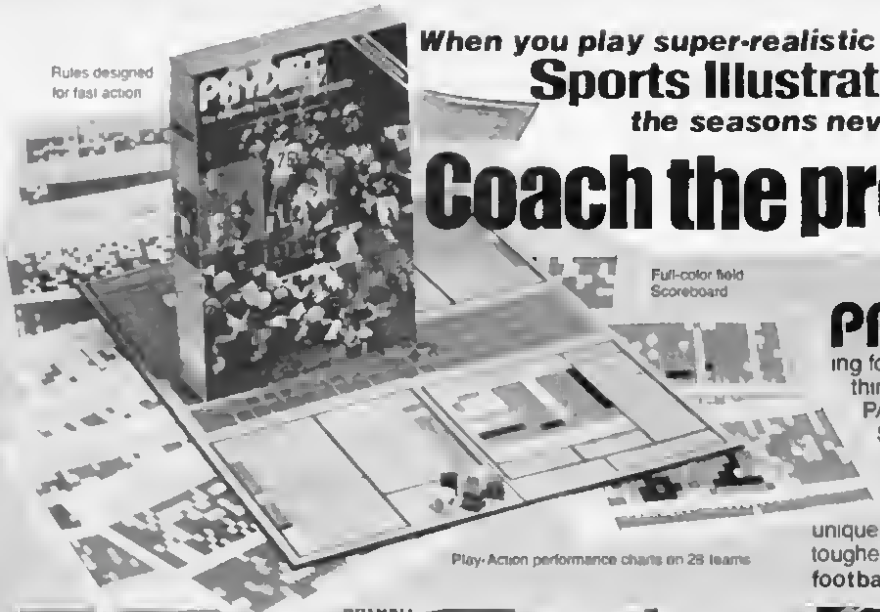
Maury Allen's *Damn Yankee: The Billy Martin Story* (Times Books, $10.95) is the best of the lot, though that's faint praise. Allen does a good job of depicting Martin's tunnel vision and his peculiar notions of "loyalty." Unfortunately, Allen transforms himself into a sort of shrink to do a "psychohistory" of Martin, which manages to be glib and pretentious at the same time. The best passage in the book has nothing to do with Martin: it's a moving recollection by Ed Charles, the former Met player, of what Jackie Robinson meant to black Americans in the '40s and '50s.

Until a better Martin biography comes along, Maury Allen's will do. But the real question is: Do we really *need* another Martin biography? **END**

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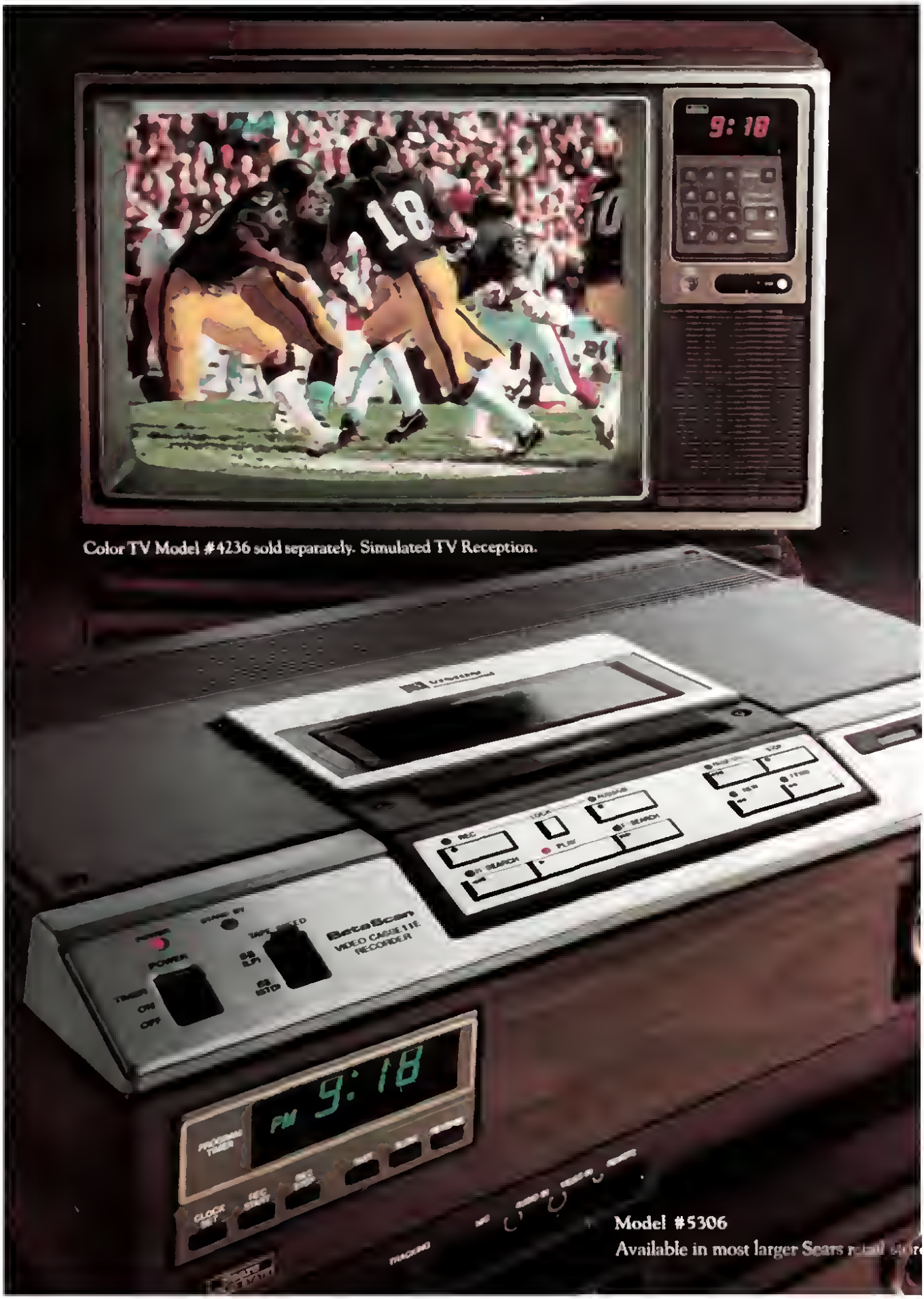
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Standard Mode	60 min.	120 min	180 min	*
Long Playing Mode	90 min.	180 min	270 min	300 min.

*Not recommended for use on Standard Mode

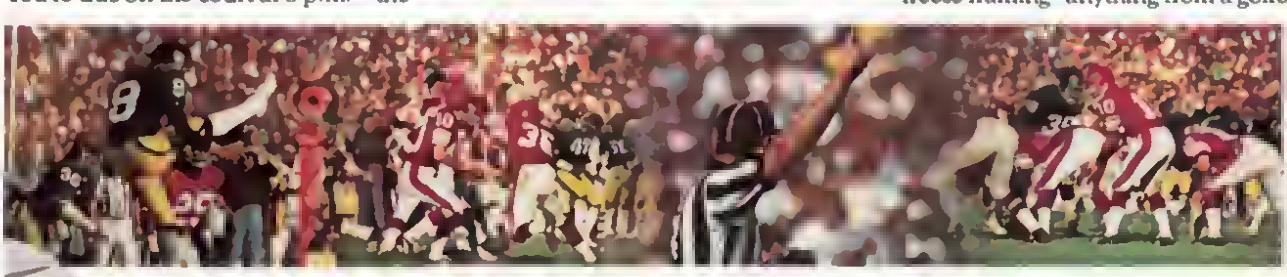
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The pictures above simulate 30 minutes of actual playing time. BetaScan lets you view the entire half hour, forward or reverse, in just 2 minutes. And the speeded-up picture is displayed while you scan.

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Shopwalk

by ARNOLD SCHECHTER

WHAT'S ROUND, THIN, HAS A HOLE IN THE CENTER AND TAKES OFF? THE SKYRO

There is a yellow-and-red object speeding through the sky these days that isn't a bird or a plane and bears not the slightest resemblance to Superman. It is a Frisbee-like toy called the Skyro, a flat, plastic-and-rubber ring promoted by the manufacturer, Parker Brothers, as "the long distance flyer."

The Skyro has earned this designation honestly. On June 9 of this year at Golden Gate Park in San Francisco a Skyro was thrown 286 yards, setting a Guinness record for "the greatest distance an object has been thrown purely by muscle power" and nearly doubling the longest recorded Frisbee throw (144 yards). Flying-disc pro Tom McRann, who set the record, claims that in a subsequent exhibition in Los Angeles, aided by a strong tail wind, he was able to airmail a Skyro almost a quarter of a mile.

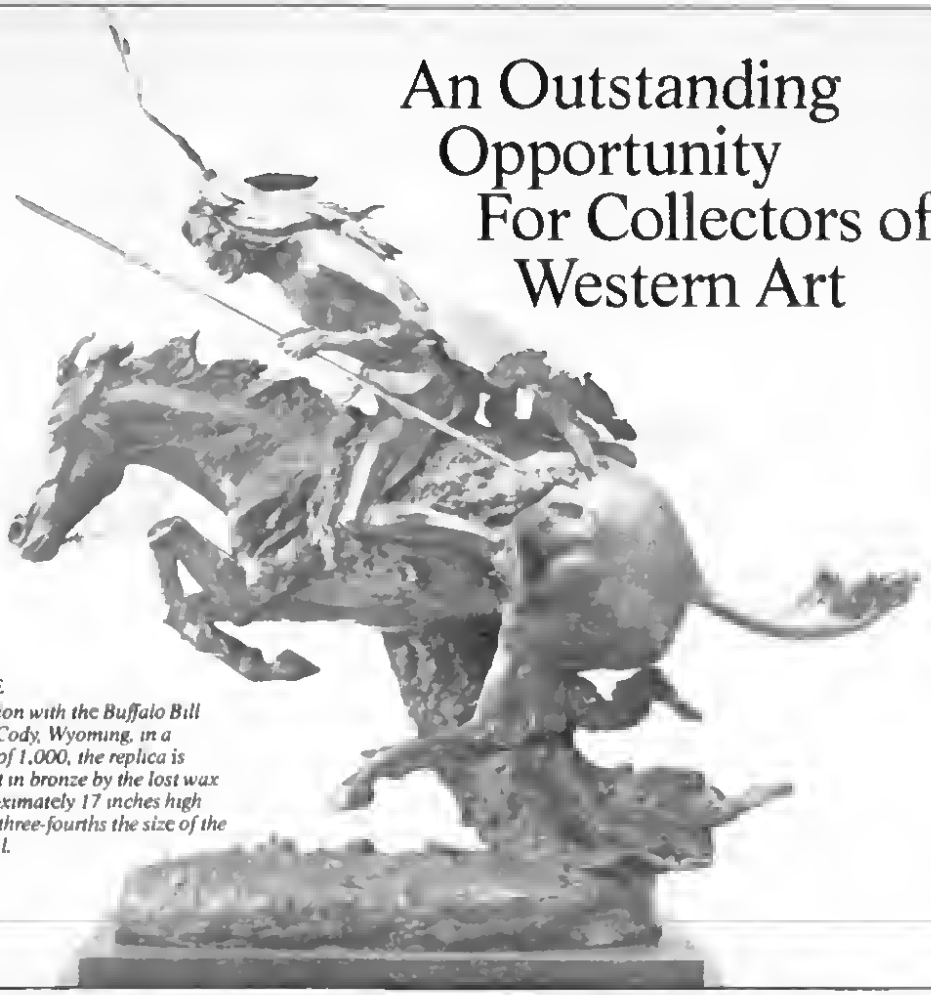
Not every player can achieve such Herculean results, but even a novice, with a little practice and a smooth, relaxed delivery, can get off soaring throws of exhilarating length. Experienced players of average ability can stand apart the length of a football field and play catch with little difficulty.

A Skyro can be gently bent to fine-tune its aerodynamic shape and vary its flight pattern, though if bent too far the ring will wobble pitifully or dive earthward. It can be thrown backhand or sidearm and can be used for an array of trick shots and in any of the popular flying-disc competitions, such as freestyle contests and football- and golf-related games. It is more portable than a disc because you can slip it over the handlebar of a bicycle, or, if your proboscis doesn't protrude too far, you can wear it around your neck.

As the Concorde of flying toys, the Skyro may sometimes perform too well. It flies so fast, high and far that it can behave as if it has been skyjacked, drifting up into a treetop or out into the ocean or bonking an unsuspecting bystander. Just one-eighth of an inch thick, the ring is virtually invisible when it approaches you near eye level. And though Skyros are a sturdy breed, high-speed collisions with walls or pavement can damage them.

For these reasons the Skyro should be used only in wide-open spaces, perhaps the same areas where you would fly a kite. That would not only be safest, but would also allow you to take the fullest advantage of the high-performance qualities engineered into the ring. In any case, when you're ready to have a fling, who wants a crowd around? **END**

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THE CHEYENNE
Issued in cooperation with the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming, in a numbered edition of 1,000, the replica is hand-finished, cast in bronze by the lost wax process. It is approximately 17 inches high with walnut base, three-fourths the size of the Remington original.

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Like our two earlier limited edition Remington bronze replicas — *The Bronco Buster* and *The Outlaw* — *The Cheyenne* is faithful to the original in every detail.

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All are economy bikes. That is, they don't cost much. Nor use much gas. Or take up much space.

Besides that, they're fun. Welcome to our happy solutions.



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For little trips about town, these little bikes are about perfect.

They come with small price tags. Small appetites for gas. And a list of features that is anything but small.

For example, each is equipped with an automatic transmission. Hence, no shifting, no pedaling.

So you see, thrifty can be nifty.



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Price tags won't shock you either.



1981 solutions for 1980.

Open Road Solutions.

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Wish granted. We have five beautiful solutions.

Sporty GS-250 with an innovative 8-valve engine.



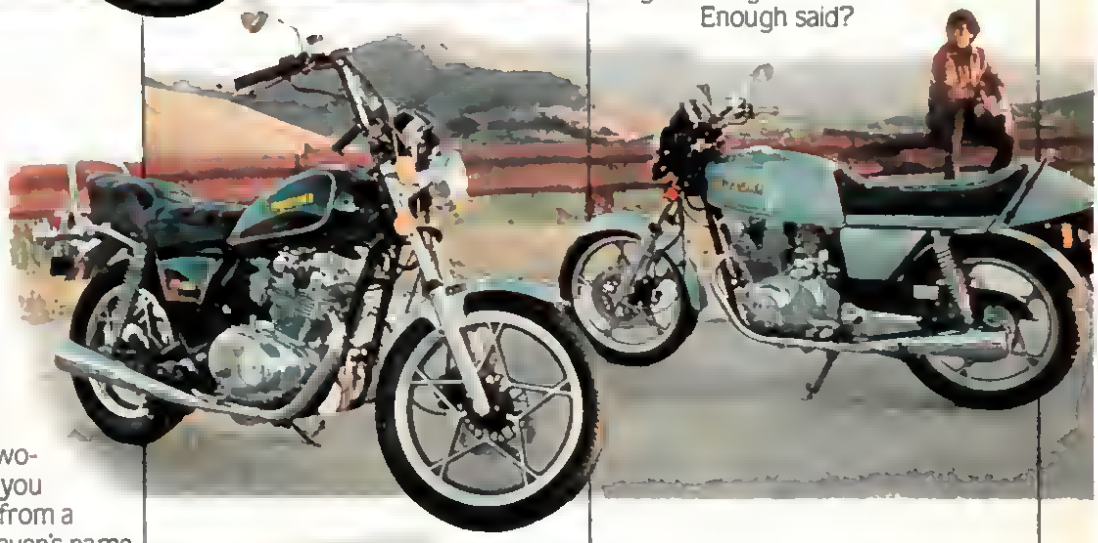


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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

BACK TO YOU, BLUMEL

Yet another West Coast school, Portland State University, is the scene of a scandal involving bogus credits for athletes, but the PSU case has some unusual wrinkles. After conducting an investigation ordered by president Joseph Blumel, George Hoffmann, dean in the Department of Social Sciences, has found instances of fraudulent and questionable transcripts and kickbacks during the tenure of Ken Edwards, who had a 96–63 record as basketball coach from 1972 to 1978. His players included Freeman Williams, now with San Diego in the NBA, who twice won the NCAA scoring title. "The academic record of basketball players under Coach Edwards is dismal," Hoffmann's report to Blumel says. "It appears that in recruiting, little attention was paid to the academic qualifications of prospective players."

Absolutely right on, Edwards, now the coach at West Texas State, told Floyd Schneidermann of the *Oregon Journal*. "It irks me that the school has had to stage this thing now, because they knew all about it in 1975 or 1976 when it was happening," he says. "In addition, I have witnesses that know that Joe Blumel approved some grades for a kid who never enrolled in summer school. He went along with things—everybody did.

"Portland State is talking about kickbacks, but I want to make it clear that nothing ever went to Coach Edwards. I'll tell you what I did. I got aid money for some kids who couldn't play a lick, and I asked them to divide some of that aid money with other players who weren't getting enough. But I also never gave any player anything over what the NCAA allowed." (Dean Hoffmann agrees, saying, "I would bet my last buck that not one cent went into Ken's pocket.")

But Edwards has more to say: "When Portland State hired me in 1972, they knew they were getting Jerry Tarkanian's 28-year-old former assistant, and they told me I had to do the job—win—or get fired. In fact, in informal conversations, I was told that virtually everything I did was O.K.

"Sure," Edwards continues, "I advised kids how to cope with the grades and aid situations. I know that I could go down and get a transcript from the office, and I could change it. They didn't have any security on that kind of thing, and they had a secretary take care of all the eligibility stuff. I took the players that no one else wanted because I never had more than three scholarships, and I tried to keep my promises to the kids. If I told a player he had a full ride, and it didn't come through, sure, I made it up somehow.

"What really got to me finally was that one of the administrative people, who is still at Portland State, told me, 'I don't care how you do it, but I'd like to see some more white kids out on the floor.' With three scholarships to give out, I had only one choice: I had to bring in kids who were poor and belonged to minorities. Well, which minority plays basketball?"

JAK

Every fan knows of Sadaharu Oh, the Japanese slugger who has hit more *hommas* than Hank Aaron ever did. Now let's have a neighborly round of applause for a Canadian, Dave Cutler of the Edmonton Eskimos. In a Canadian Football League game against Ottawa, last week, Cutler kicked his 336th field goal, topping by one the record set by George Blanda of the NFL. "If Blanda had seen it, he would've been upset," said Cutler. "It just sort of wobbled through."

Blanda was 48 years old when he kicked his last field goal, but Cutler, who, like Blanda, is a straight-on kicker, is only 34. He has been with the Eskimos 12 years, following graduation from Simon Fraser University near Vancouver, where he played linebacker. But on the Eskimos the 5′ 10″ Cutler is considered too valuable to risk as a linebacker, which he would love to be, so he refers to himself as "JAK," for "just a kicker."

Cutler is superb at long range. He has kicked 11 field goals of 55 yards or more in his career, and no other kicker in the CFL has more than one at that distance. His longest kick was 59 yards, and he once hit the crossbar from 71 yards. In 1969, he had a tryout with Green Bay but didn't make the team: Cutler kicks with the toe of his shoe tied back by his shoelaces, a practice permissible in Canada, but not in the NFL.

With one Blanda record underfoot, Cutler is going after another: George's alltime scoring record of 2,002 points. "It's the only thing left for me numberwise," he says. At present Cutler has 1,531 points, and he figures to catch Blanda in four more years. He has an edge going for him. Under CFL rules, a kick that isn't returned from the end zone, even though it didn't go through the uprights, is worth a point.

ALL IN THE FAMILY

John DeWit Sr. is a rightfielder in the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Recreation Department's fast-pitch softball league. At 58 he has a bit of trouble at times keeping up with his far younger teammates, but nobody can accuse DeWit of not contributing. After all, he's the father of the rest of the starting lineup, eight sons ranging in age from 18-year-old Jeff, the first baseman, to 35-year-old John Jr., who plays the outfield when he is not pitching so hot. There are two non-DeWits on the bench, but only one of them sees much action. The team is called, fairly enough, the DeWit Family.



Organized last year, the Family has won 17 of 25 games over two seasons, an impressive record that Ken, the 32-year-old catcher, attributes less to a wealth of talent than to "unity and every-

continued


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In order to insure your records turn at the prescribed speed, utterly smoothly and without fluctuation, Sony has improved its already advanced direct-drive system with an electronic speed-control circuit that works like a quartz watch.

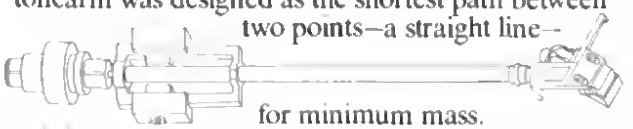
This gives the X55 up to 10 times more speed monitoring "pulse points" than competitive models, so it can better compensate for wow and flutter. We call this system "quartz-lock Magnedisc servo control." The audiophiles call it brilliant.

And unlike direct-drive motors found in competitive turntables, the X55's is both brushless and slotless. Which means it's even more accurate.

A NEW ANGLE ON THE TONEARM. STRAIGHT.

Sony engineers have paid meticulous attention to the X55's tonearm and its suspension.

Instead of the conventional shapes, the X55's tonearm was designed as the shortest path between two points—a straight line—



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The tonearm pivot is supported in two places, not one. So it's virtually free of tonearm resonance, friction and side play.

And to let the platter motor do its job without interference, the X55 even has a separate motor that operates the tonearm during its automatic cycles. A technological advancement that's hard to find on any turntable at any price.

THE STANDARD BY WHICH ALL BASES WILL BE JUDGED.

Instead of using an inexpensive plastic, wood or cast-aluminum base, like many of our competitors, the X55 is made of a Sony-patented inorganic "Bulk Molding Compound," which sharply reduces feedback.



And because loudspeakers produce vibrations that can be transmitted to the turntable through its feet, Sony created special gel-filled feet which absorb energy so effectively that the X55 will perform flawlessly even when your music is loud enough to rattle the walls.

Yet the X55's advancements don't stop here. A special muting device eliminates the "pop" that normally occurs when the stylus touches down or lifts up—something you'll particularly appreciate when transferring records to tape. There's even an electric eye that automatically measures the disc size.

But the bottom line is this. Once you compare the Sony X55 for specifications, features and price, you'll come to an inescapable conclusion. There's only one thing you need to know about high fidelity.

It's Sony.

SONY.
High Fidelity

FEATURES AND SPECIFICATIONS *Fully automatic direct-drive turntable system/Linear BSL motor/Quartz lock Magnedisc servo speed control/Electromagnetic braking/*Sony Bulk Molding Compound anti-resonance base/Low-mass Duralumin tonearm/Logic IC function sequencing/Discrete tonearm servo motor/Speed accuracy ± 0.003%/Wow and flutter (WRMS) 0.025%/Rumble (DIN B) -78 dB/Effective tonearm mass 8 grams

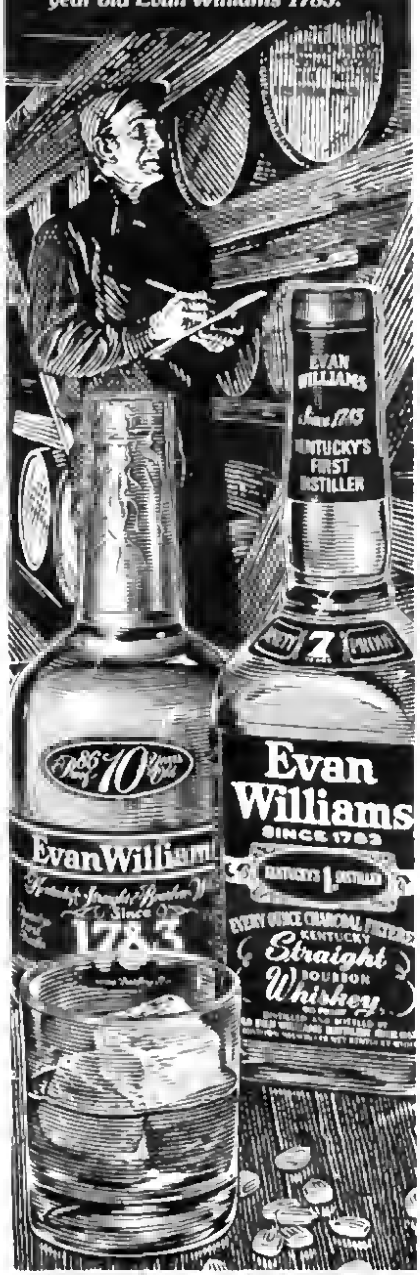
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one playing together." It no doubt helps that when the DeWit boys take the field with their dad, they are cheered on by sisters (they have five of them), wives, aunts and uncles plus Mama DeWit. Not surprisingly, some opponents refuse to believe the DeWit Family is for real. As Howie, the 24-year-old shortstop, says, "They think it's a gag when they look at the roster and see all 'DeWits.'"

ENDING THE IMMUNITY

It probably had to happen sooner or later: a bill has been introduced in Congress to make gratuitous violence in professional sports a federal offense. Sponsored by Ohio Democratic Congressman Ronald M. Mottl, House Bill 7903 would impose up to a year in prison and a $5,000 fine on pro athletes who knowingly use "excessive physical force," such force being defined as that which "has no reasonable relationship to the competitive goals of the sport." As Mottl intends it to be interpreted, the legislation wouldn't have applied to Jack Tatum's hit on Darryl Stingley, an action that, savage though it may have been, was a tackle. But, Mottl says, such a law probably would have covered Dave Forbes' stick attack on Henry Boucha or Kermit Washington's punch-out of Rudy Tomjanovich. It presumably would also apply to players who rush into the stands to fight fans.

Mottl, who pitched for Notre Dame and played briefly in the Phillie organization, defends the need for federal involvement by arguing that athletes now enjoy what amounts to immunity from punishment for violent acts. Although more athletes have been prosecuted under local assault and battery laws—and civil suits arising from on-field incidents have increased—juries have been reluctant to convict athletes, reflecting the view that such matters should be handled "within the family." Says Mottl, the leagues "could take care of [the problem] with enough proper penalties, but they haven't done it." The result, he adds, is that "law enforcement stops at the ticket gate."

Mottl's bill was inspired by Richard Horrow, the 25-year-old author of *Sports Violence*, a detailed legal study published in April. Both book and bill grew out of research Horrow pursued while at Harvard Law School, from which he graduated last year. A frustrated jock who has charted every pro football game he has seen for the last 13 years, Horrow condemns sports violence not only for the harm it does to players physically, but also for eroding the spirit of fair play in society at large.

The Mottl bill requires serious study. Contrary to what it implies, most professional commissioners already deal more or less forthrightly with the kind of overt violence the legislation would punish. Where the commissioners are often inexcusably lax is in coping with the routine cheap shots and roughness that lead to more serious outbreaks, yet wouldn't be covered by House Rule 7903. Thus, while NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien severely punished Washington for hitting Tomjanovich, neither he nor NBA owners have done enough to cut down on the pushing and elbowing that could conceivably provoke another such incident. Similarly, baseball authorities are usually quick to punish batters who rush the mound in beanball incidents, yet do little to curb the pitchers whose knockdown pitches provoke such attacks. Then there's the NHL, which at times actually seems to encourage excessive violence, presumably on the misguided assumption that it sells tickets.

The introduction of Mottl's bill will have served a useful purpose if it generates new interest in the problem of sport violence. The bill figures to meet resistance in Congress, which has generally adopted a hands-off policy toward professional sports regulation, but the Subcommittee on Crime of the House Judiciary Committee has scheduled hearings for later this month. Predictably, most professional sports officials denounce the bill, arguing sanctimoniously that they can police themselves. They're right that they can. What they haven't yet proved is whether they *will*.

OFF THE WALL

Anyone who thought the walls in all major league ball parks were padded, or built so as to prevent outfielders from suffering serious injury, learned otherwise last week when Ruppert Jones of the Yankees lost his footing in centerfield and slammed into the plywood fence in the Oakland Coliseum. Jones hit the fence with a thud that could be heard in the dugout some 400 feet away. Unconscious for several minutes, he suffered a severe concussion and a separation of the right shoulder that requires surgery. He's out for the year, but he's lucky he wasn't hurt even worse. Ironically, just half an hour

continued

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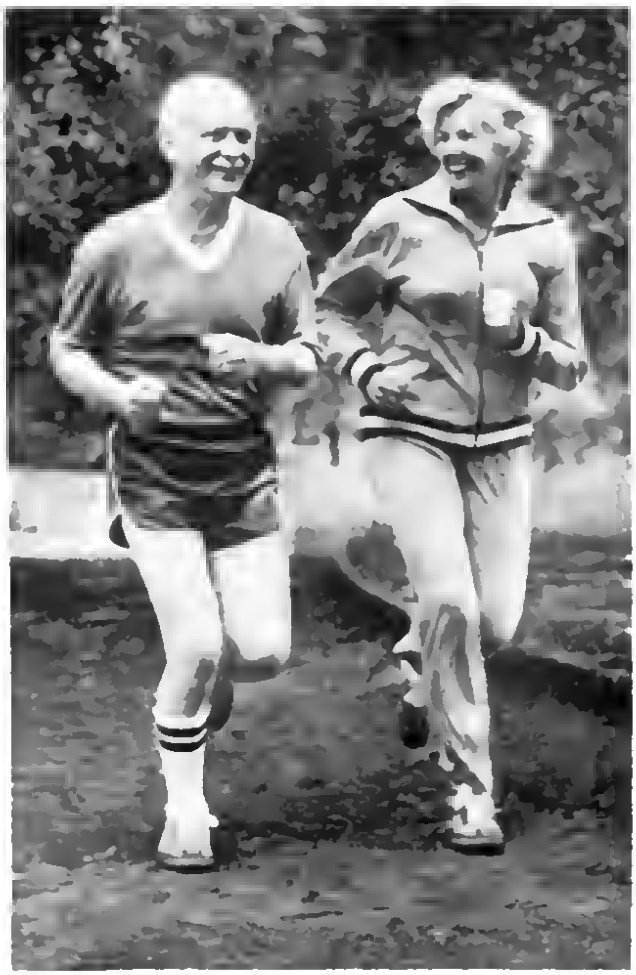
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before the game, Oakland Manager Billy Martin told reporters, "I met with the new owners all afternoon, and one of the first things we're going to do here is to pad the outfield walls."

It would be tempting to many to make a scapegoat out of cheapskate Charlie Finley, who owned the A's until last week, or the Oakland politicians who run the Coliseum, but the fact is both the American and National League offices have ducked the issue of safe walls, leaving them up to the individual clubs. As a result, some parks have padded walls, others do not. A number of parks have plywood walls that are supposed to give on impact. Oakland's is one such. Others have wire fences. Atlanta had a wire fence until Brian Asselstine broke his ankle in 1978 when his spikes caught in the mesh. Now the Braves have Plexiglas with padding on top. Tiger Stadium has padding on the walls, but there is an auxiliary scoreboard that juts out dangerously in leftfield. Wrigley Field has brick walls covered with ivy, which the National League office says would be "impossible" to pad.

But what's really incredible about all this is that the Major League Players Association, aside from a complaint now and then, has never moved effectively to protect its own members by insisting that there be safely padded walls everywhere. Indeed, its Safety and Health Committee no longer exists. But after Jones was carted off to the hospital, Marvin Miller, executive director of the association, said the committee would obviously have to be reinstated. He also vowed that the association would "move rapidly." Move rapidly to do what? To file a grievance in the Jones case, said Miller. Moreover, said Miller, there could be a lawsuit. The possible charge? "Extreme negligence."

THEY SAID IT

• Cliff Stoudt, who advanced from No. 3 quarterback to No. 2 with the Steelers when Mike Kruczek was traded: "I've graduated from clipboard to headset."

• Bob Uecker, Milwaukee Brewer broadcaster and former big league player, on a Little League game in which his son Bobby Jr., now 14, played: "He struck out three times and lost the game for his team when a ball went through his legs at third base. Parents were throwing things at our car and swearing at us as we left the parking lot. Gosh, I was proud. A chip off the old block." END

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THEY'LL MISS









THE CORN

An emotional Hambletonian rang down the curtain in Du Quoin. Next year's race will be in New Jersey—no cows, pias or prize peppers

by **DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**









CONTINUED

"I'll tell you what this win means to me," said Billy Haughton last Saturday in Du Quoin, Ill., just after he had won a record-tying fourth Hambletonian. But as he flicked his whip at the dirt, the tears that had come to his eyes found their way to his cheeks and he couldn't complete the sentence. Which, of course, completed the sentence.

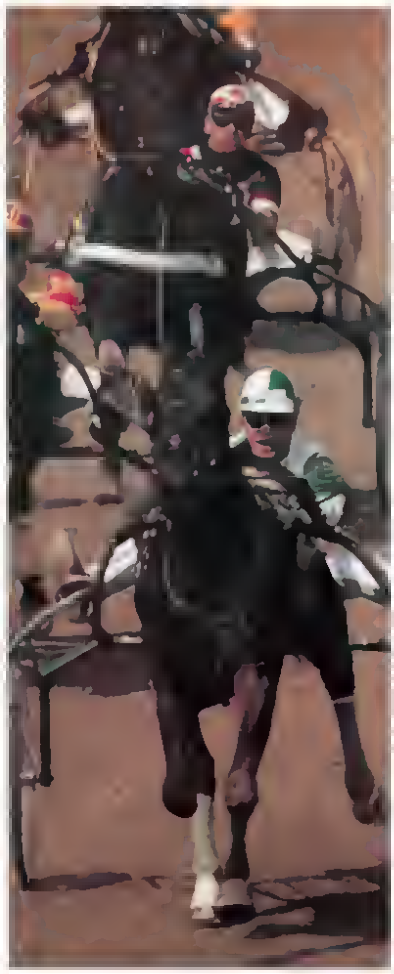
Haughton, one of harness racing's most eminent drivers, had won in straight heats with a colt named Burgomeister—trained, half-owned and driven last year by his son, Peter, 25, who was killed seven months ago in a car wreck near the Meadowlands track in New Jersey. "Peter just loved this colt," Billy whispered. "He thought he was the best." The tragedy has put deep sorrow in Haughton's laughing eyes. "Everybody tells me it will get better," he said. "It just gets worse."

As a result of the car accident, the sport lost its brightest rising star, a young man who already had won 571 races and $6.4 million in purses; Billy lost not only a son but also his business partner and his buddy. Now Haughton was silent. Nearby, his wife, Dottie, said softly, "This was Peter's day."

It was Peter's Day. The record crowd of 18,000 roared every time Burgomeister got a call. And Billy drove like a man possessed, which he was. Burgomeister had no choice but to win; both Billy and the emotional crowd had willed it so.

Indeed, the whole day was a crazy quilt of emotion on a steaming afternoon in southern Illinois. Not only did Billy Haughton do what everyone wanted by winning the sport's most prestigious race with Peter's horse, but another Haughton son, Tommy, 23, won one heat of the Hambo, the youngest driver ever to do so. And after 24 years, this was the very last time the race would be held in Du Quoin. Next year it will move to the Meadowlands. When bugler Kenneth (Pete) Pierson, 67, put his trumpet to his lips for the Hambletonian's last call in Du Quoin (actually it's a recording, but Pierson fakes it admirably), there were tears in his eyes. "This is bad, real bad, awful bad," he said. There was enough crying going on to fill a Sea of Regret.

Until the Haughton blitz, the race itself had generated little interest. That's because this group of 3-year-old trotters was considered only average, at best. Even horsemen, who as a group tend to overpraise their animals, were subdued. Doug Ackerman, driver-trainer of Noble Hustle, stood trackside early one morning and conceded, "This is just an average crop, no superstars, and that includes my horse, I hate to say." Noble Hustle wound up fifth.





After Billy Haughton had won Heat 1 with Burgomeister, Dottie tearfully embraced her husband

Groused one jaded observer, "The only way to make any of these horses go fast is to bathe 'em in gasoline, then set 'em on fire." But in fact the quality of the horses didn't matter so much because nearly everyone had come down with a bad case of nostalgia.

The change in venue from rural Du Quoin to urban Jersey came about primarily because of money. At the Meadowlands the Hambo will be worth $800,000 next year; this year the purse was $293,570, and Du Quoin couldn't promise more than $600,000 for 1980. "Horsemen are whores," said one horseman. "They sleep with the bottom line." There also were members of the governing Hambletonian Society who just didn't care for the inconvenience of having to get to Du Quoin every year. And there were those who didn't like it when the Hayes family, long the gracious custodians of the privately owned Du Quoin



Burgomeister (left) leads Devil Hanover (right) to the wire to win Heat 3 and thus the Hambo

State Fair, the setting for the Hambo, sold out last year to Saad Jabr, an Iraqi national. The society's vote to move the race was 12–9, and backers said they were sure it would generate more attention in the media-rich New York area.

Sentiment ran second to logic in making that decision, but sentiment had its day on Saturday. One veteran observer of the sport said, "This is small-town America at its very, very best. They can take the race away from here but they can't take the atmosphere." But if Du Quoin is small-town America at its best, it did little to advance its own cause.

There is no sense in pretending otherwise. Du Quoin, in truth, is a dusty little town of some 7,000 residents whose tomorrows may all be behind it. It is reached by driving to the end of the world, then turning left. The architectural style of the homes is 1940 tacky.

Which makes it lovable to some. Besides, how can you dislike a place where the mayor, Bob Armstrong, wears Oshkosh overalls, smokes a corncob pipe (he bemoans the fact that people with their priorities messed up keep wanting more corn and less cob) and makes $16 a month? "No, no," he corrects. "It's $16 a week. Hellfire, I'm in this for the money." Describing Du Quoin, he says, "We're one of them communities that don't have big events. Don't get me wrong. We change all right, but when we change we remain the same."

Du Quoin has always been a depressed area, with strip mining the key to the economy. The soil is too clayey for good farming. This year, because of heat and drought, there is concern the corn crop may yield only 50 bushels an acre instead of 80 to 100. "If you can make a living in Du Quoin, you'd be a millionaire anywhere else," says Armstrong.

Still, he can't think of one serious community problem. Not even potholes? "Why should that be a problem? We fill 'em." The one problem Du Quoin did have but didn't seem to know it had, was the Hambletonian. "We all assumed," says Armstrong, "that it would be here forever."

That was a serious misjudgment. As

continued



Past the line, Haughton and Del Miller cordially extend hands as Cammy Haughton rushes to them

Joe Urhan, a sales representative who married a Du Quoin girl, says, "This town had one star in its crown and they lost it." So despite great gnashing of teeth as the final Hambo was raced, the fact is the local citizenry had not seriously stirred itself in years to support the event. Attendance of 12,000 or less was routine in stands that seat 18,000. Veteran driver-trainer Delvin Miller, a leading force in moving the race to New Jersey, insists that had a big crowd showed up last year (attendance was 12,242), he would have voted to keep it in Du Quoin.

But the folks of Du Quoin are experts at living with adversity, and if State Representative Ralph Dunn is correct, their way of looking at things is refreshing. "I'd say it was commendable we were able to get the Hambletonian here in the first place and fortunate to keep it as long as we did," he said.

Mayor Armstrong couldn't think of any special civic programs or social events associated with the Hambo. "I might not have been invited to any parties," he said, "but I'd know about them." Upon reflection, he did remember that there is a Hambletonian sign on the outskirts of Du Quoin and that the town stationery reads HOME OF THE HAMBLETONIAN. Du Quoin's leading party giver is Virgie Leach and many people drop by her elegant home during Hambo week. Then again, many drop by her home *every* week. "People think I'm an idiot," she said, "so they come by to help me."

If there was a lackluster local attitude toward the race ("We don't want to see it go," said a local doctor, "but we're not brokenhearted about it"), it wasn't all the fault of the citizenry. For the fair and the Hambo have always been a Hayes family enterprise. W.R. Hayes, who eventually acquired some 1,500 acres, made big money in the dairy business and as a Coca-Cola distributor. He made the land into a park and invited people to use it for recreation. He put in the track in 1945, and in 1957, several years after his death, his boys got the Hambo to move from Goshen, N.Y., where it had been for 27 years. Dick Grills, a bartender at the fair, said, "We have to be honest. Mr. Hayes brought us the greatest race in the world and we sat on our hands and took it for granted."

But under the direction of W.R. Hayes' grandson, Bill, the huge spread was losing an estimated $250,000 a year. He sold the entire acreage in 1979 and that, coupled with the emotional atmosphere of this last Hambletonian, prompted his wife, Carolyn, to say at midday Saturday, "I'd already cried three times *before* the national anthem." The playing of the anthem made it four. The Hayeses now live in Aspen.

There was a sense that the populace is feeling some remorse now. But like most remorse, it's too late. One beer drinker down at the St. Nicholas Hotel was saying, "That song is right."

What song?



"That one about you don't know what you've got until you lose it."

Across the room, Byron Emrich, 75, said he'd gone to the Hambletonian every year since it came to Du Quoin. "It's a pitiful thing for it to leave," he said. "To see the Hambletonian is the most wonderful thrill in the world. I'm gonna miss it and I'm gonna miss it a lot. I already do."

In the welter of self-examination, any serious talk of the horses in this year's race was drowned out. Oh, sure, there was chatter about Burgomeister and how



Mayor Armstrong may have lost a race but he fills potholes



Bill Hayes and wife Carolyn are greeted by Saad Jabr, the Iraqi who bought them out



Virgie Leech and just a few of her many friends

Because there were 19 horses in this year's Hambletonian field, the group was divided into two heats, with the best five in each coming back for a third race. The winner had to take two heats.

It was in the first heat that Tommy Haughton got Final Score, another Haughton-trained colt, with great closing speed but a penchant for breaking, home first in 1:56⅗. Says Tommy, "I get advice from my father, like to leave plenty of room so you don't hit no wheels and go down. But he doesn't tell me how to win. He says I'll have to figure it out by myself." Tommy's race strategy was that he had none. In fact, he clocked himself at :59 at the half-mile, and the colt actually had covered the distance in :57⅕.

In the second division, despite poor racing position for most of the mile, Billy urged Burgomeister home in 1:58. This clearly wasn't a day to be challenging Billy; by day's end he had won four races—although he did in fact lose something, a diamond ring, somewhere out there on the track. Things could have been worse, however. Earlier in the week an observant groom, Pat Troll, had noticed a small crack in a weld on the sulky Burgomeister pulls. A new bike was quickly ordered and it made for a nice safe ride on Saturday.

The decisive third heat was shaping up as a head-to-head Haughton charge for the finish, when Final Score broke stride near the three-quarter-mile post, almost causing Burgomeister to run into him. But Billy Haughton, who didn't become a Hall of Fame driver by correspondence, avoided the trouble, and when he set the colt down for home, it was clear that miracles can happen beyond 34th Street. His time of 1:56⅗ had Burgy ahead of second-place Devil Hanover by 2¾ lengths. In the final reckoning, Burgomeister was followed by Final Score, Devil Hanover, Nevele Impulse and Noble Hustle. "I hated to see Tom make a break," said Billy, "but I wanted to win so much for Peter." And there were more tears all around. **END**



Pete Pierson calls the Hambo horses by proxy

just right it would be for him to win. But it was only chatter, because nobody knows better than horsemen that reality sets in very quickly on a racetrack.

As for Burgomeister, he was a $16,000 purchase at the Harrisburg yearling sale. Billy Haughton picked him out because "he was a big strong colt that looked like a trotter."

But isn't $16,000 awfully cheap?

"Cheap, sure. That's what I liked the most about him." In fact, Haughton wasn't prepared to go more than another $1,000 to get him—in a day when $100,000 yearlings don't stop shows. Beyond a doubt, Haughton knows his horses; by now Burgomeister has won more than $265,000.

After Haughton spotted the colt as a yearling, he called Marcello Fiorentino, a former New York and Florida restaurateur, to see if he'd like to be Burgomeister's owner. Fiorentino allowed as how he would, but because he knew in advance the feelings of his wife, Ann, would Billy be so kind as to send the invoice to the office? Billy would, except that somehow it went to the Fiorentino home. Marcello got home one evening and found an envelope lying on the kitchen butcher-block counter, catsup poured on it and a knife stuck through it. Ann had made her statement. Ultimately, Peter Haughton—who had declined originally to be a part-owner—begged to be let in on the horse. Today Peter's estate owns 50% and each of the Fiorentinos 25%.



At the end of a memorable afternoon, Tom Haughton stands with his mother, father and the trophy

SUPER JOE: A LEGEND IN HIS OWN TIME

Who's the newest guy in town?
Go Joe Charboneau.
Turns the ball park upside down.
Go Joe Charboneau.

Joe Charboneau is the leading candidate for American League Rookie of the Year and the biggest thing in Cleveland since Rocky Colavito **by STEVE WULF**

Go Joe Charboneau is now No. 4 on the 45s chart in Cleveland. The song, by a group called Section 36, is a pitchy rather than catchy little tune that recalls *Alley Oop*, both in beat and in the way it sets music back to the Stone Age. People are buying the record because Joe Charboneau, Super Joe Charboneau, is No. 1 in the hearts of Indian fans this season. Not since the Rock—Rocky Colavito to the outside world—has a baseball player captivated the city as Charboneau has.

Another hot seller in Cleveland is the Super Joe poster, which shows Charboneau in a Western hat and a cape with something called The Spot pasted to his bare chest. Don't ask. There is also an official Joe Charboneau fan club, Dale Gallagher, 16, president. Charboneau even has his own piece of Cleveland Stadium, Section 36, of course, which is adjacent to the left-field foul pole.

Through Sunday, the 25-year-old, righthand-hitting outfielder was batting .291 and leading both the resurgent Indians and all major league rookies in home runs (21), RBIs (78) and column inches (countless). Last week alone his home runs helped win three games.

The town first received word of Charboneau during spring training, where sportswriters kept unearthing stories about this big (6'2", 200 pounds), strong kid who was tearing the proverbial cover off the ball. "I thought I'd found Shoeless Joe from Hannibal, Mo., you know, Joe Hardy from *Damn Yankees*," says Terry Pluto of the *Plain Dealer*, the first

With apologies to Dan Donnelly, nobody in Cleveland heats up Indian fans better than Charboneau, who wears a big hat even if he doesn't have a big head



writer to call him Super Joe and the one who has written the most about him.

The tales dealt with Charboneau's prodigious strength, his imperviousness to pain and the wonderful things he could do with a beer bottle. In his wild-oats days in Santa Clara, Calif., Charboneau used to earn a little money by boxing bare-knuckled in boxcars and warehouses for gamblers. He got $25 for winning and $15 for losing, less $5 in either case to the matchmakers. "I lost more than I won," says Charboneau, who also had his nose broken three times. Once he tried to fix it himself with a pair of pliers, and another time a doctor had to remove all the cartilage in his nose. This enables Charboneau to drink beer through his schnozz, either by direct pour





A DH and leftfielder, the muscular Charboneau is batting .291, with 21 home runs and 78 RBIs

or with six strong sniffs through a straw.

Charboneau also remembers being stabbed three times in fights with local migrant workers. He closed one of the wounds with fishing line. He once got drunk enough to have himself tattooed, on an arm, but after sobering up, he cut the tattoo out with a razor. If you don't believe it, he will show you the scar. In the minor leagues, Charboneau couldn't afford some dental work, so he cut around the offending tooth with a razor and pulled it out with a vise grip. He is so strong he can open the twist-off cap on a bottle of beer with the muscles of his left forearm.

What's more, he is a direct descendant of a legend, Toussaint Charbonneau, who, along with his Indian wife, Sacagawea, guided Lewis and Clark on the second leg of their expedition.

Who do we appreciate?
Go Joe Charboneau.
Fits right in with the other eight?
Go Joe Charboneau.

Tall as they are, the stories are true. At least Charboneau says they are true, and if Lewis and Clark believed Toussaint, then we can believe Joe. Actually, these tales don't quite fit Charboneau. He's

continued

really just a good-natured fellow who likes people and loves baseball. He never denies anyone an autograph and goes to church every Sunday. He dotes on his 11-month-old son, Tyson, who not only walks but also claps for his father. Joe has taken up rug hooking with his wife, Cindi, even though he still doesn't know how to knot a necktie because he never had to before. His real ambition is to work with handicapped children.

Says Joe Nossek, an Indians coach and Charboneau's close friend, "The first time I met him, I felt like I'd known him all my life. He's got a quick smile, and he's sensitive to other people's feelings. He's willing to give his time, and that's one of the reasons for his popularity around this town. Sure, the stories about him help, but it's good that people get to know both sides of him."

"I don't do that crazy stuff anymore," says Charboneau. "Not since I got married and we had Tyson. I'm just like everybody else." Well, not quite. While everybody else had to have a Lacoste shirt, Charboneau had to have the alligator. That was two years ago, when he bought the gator as a birthday present to himself. It was two feet long and nasty, and Joe and Cindi would go out at night to catch crickets to keep it happy. When the alligator went after a kitten, though, the Charboneaus gave it to a teammate. As for his beer tricks, nowadays Joe performs those only for close friends.

Things seem to have a way of happening to Charboneau. Last spring when the Indians were in Mexico City for a series of exhibition games, Joe was approached for an autograph by a bearded man, one Oscar Martinez, who asked him where he was from. When Joe said, "California," the man plunged his pen into Joe's left side. The four-inch wound wasn't serious, and the man, who turned out to have a hatred of Americans, was fined the equivalent of $2.27 and released. Joe wasn't particularly upset; he just wondered if the Bic was still writing. The other day while driving to the park in his beloved 1952 Chevy pickup, Joe discovered that his brakes were out, and narrowly missed colliding with a new Cadillac.

Charboneau's road to Cleveland wasn't exactly the Interstate. He was the fifth of seven kids of Kathleen and Arthur Charboneau, who divorced when Joe was very young. Kathleen remembers that Joe loved baseball so much that he slept with his glove under his pillow—in fact, he sometimes still does—and sold frogs at 25¢ apiece to pay for a pair of baseball shoes. He wasn't what you would call a great player at Buchser High School and, in fact, the scout who first noticed and eventually signed him, Eddie Bockman of the Phillies, was looking at another kid on the team, Steve Bartkowski, now the Atlanta Falcons' quarterback. The Phillies drafted Charboneau after his second year at West Valley Junior College in Saratoga, Calif., and sent him to Spartanburg in the Western Carolina League, where he batted .298 as a part-time player. In the off-season he married Cindi Engle, a synchronized-swimming star whom he had met at a Fourth of July picnic in California a few years earlier.

In 1977 Charboneau was only batting .172 and sitting on the bench for Peninsula in the Carolina League when he asked the Phillies to send him back to Spartanburg. They refused, and Joe quit baseball. He took a job back home as a stock clerk for an electronics firm, played a little softball and lifted weights. When the year was over, Bockman talked him into giving it another try. Then, in February, the Phillies sent him a new contract and Charboneau was so happy he just went to his room for a while and held a hat in his hand. He spent that season close to home in Visalia and set a California League record with a .350 average while driving in 116 runs. At the winter meetings that year the Phillies in their infinite wisdom decided to trade Charboneau to Cleveland for Pitcher Cardell Camper, whom they then released.

Charboneau spent last year with Chattanooga in the Double A Southern League, where he batted .352, his second consecutive league record. Despite missing a month of the season because of a groin pull, he hit 21 homers and had 78 RBIs. Even though he was on the Indians' spring-training roster, both Charboneau and the club assumed he would spend the year at Tacoma in Triple A. "I even had an apartment reserved in Tacoma," he says. But fate intervened in the form of knee surgery for First Baseman Andre Thornton. The Indians decided to move Mike Hargrove to first and give Charboneau an opportunity in left. His size and muscle had already caught



Tyson is another Charboneau who's flying high these days

The Super Joe poster is a big seller in Cleveland





Charboneau rides the Cleveland range in his '52 pickup

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TOMSIC

the team's attention; his back is so broad that his last name fits comfortably on his uniform without ending up under the armpits. He was special in other ways, too. "Almost immediately, I realized there was something about him," says Nossek. "He emanated greatness. I really think he was born to be great."

In his first game Charboneau homered his second time up. A week later in the home opener he went 3 for 3 with a double and a home run and got a two-minute standing ovation. "I was excited," says Charboneau, "but it didn't really sink in what the ovation meant. I don't think it's sunk in yet."

Who's the one to keep our hopes alive?
Go Joe Charboneau
Straight from 7th to the pennant drive?
Go Joe Charboneau.

At the start of the season nobody was thinking about a Cleveland pennant, but here it is September, and the club is five games over .500 and within shouting—well, singing—distance of first place. Managed by easygoing Dave Garcia, whose face could win best-in-show at Westminster, the team is composed almost entirely of players other teams didn't want, but they're having fun proving everybody wrong. The Indians will almost certainly have their best record since 1968, when they were 86–75, and possibly their best since 1959 (89–65). Outfielder Miguel Dilone is batting .345 and Len Barker will probably win 20 games. While Reliever Victor Cruz gets more effective with every meal, Hargrove, Outfielder Jorge Orta and Third Baseman Toby Harrah are helping Dilone give Cleveland the best on-base percentage in the American League. The fans are excited, although they're not exactly filling up Cleveland's time warp of a ball park. They defend to the death Charboneau's right to be Rookie of the Year, so don't bother to mention Chicago's rookie pitcher, Britt Burns.

The one knock against Charboneau as Rookie of the Year is that he's played 43 games as a DH. But that has more to do with a recurrence of his groin pull than with any defensive deficiency. Nossek worked wonders with both Orta and Charboneau, turning them into adequate outfielders. And Charboneau's batting figures are made even more remarkable by the fact that he's missed 18 games because Garcia has set him down at various times to keep him from slumping.

He has been booed by Cleveland fans just once. "I found it refreshing," Joe says. "I wondered when it would happen." The occasion was a doubleheader loss to Milwaukee in which he missed an attempted shoestring catch and failed to hustle after the ball. Shortstop Jerry Dybzinski had to retrieve it and the fans got on Charboneau's case.

Except for that instance, the affair between Charboneau and the Indian fans has been all love and kisses. "I really like Joe," says Dale Gallagher, who is a cheerleader at Valley Forge High besides being president of his fan club. "Every time I talk to him, he's in a really good mood, and he always cracks me up. People around here have really taken to him. We were looking for someone to fill the empty spot that's been here so long."

Raise your glass, let out a cheer
Go Joe Charboneau.
For Cleveland's Rookie of the Year.
Go Joe Charboneau.

Last Friday night in Section 36, the guys were talking about Joe. "Nobody's brought this much excitement to Cleveland since Colavito," said Gary Heldt, a lifelong Indians fan who was born in 1954, the year of the last Cleveland pennant. Heldt introduced himself as a distant cousin of Woodie Held, the Indians' shortstop and second baseman from 1958 to 1964. "Charboneau's the impetus for the Indians teams of the future. He's got magnetism. I was in this bar one night, and he was there. The place is never packed, but because he was there, it was wall-to-wall people. I stood in line for two hours to get his autograph. If the guy doesn't get Rookie of the Year, it's a crime. What's Burns, huh? Eleven and 12. Big deal."

It was the fourth inning, and the Indians were trailing the White Sox 3–2. Charboneau came up to bat against Rich Dotson with a man on. From out in left-field, the guys could see Charboneau pluck a changeup and send home run No. 19 and RBIs Nos. 71 and 72 right next door into Section 37. They went berserk. Amid many and varied displays of hand-slapping, the guys began to chant, "Char-bo-neau, Char-bo-neau."

It had the sound of music. **END**

Gallagher leads the cheers for Joe's fan club



PRO FOOTBALL '80

TICK..

For 58 minutes the game grinds on as the teams probe each other's weaknesses, trying to establish a ground game to make the passing attack work, or a passing game to make the ground attack work, take your pick. Then the clock strikes 2:00, so to speak, and suddenly bombs start bursting in air. It's time for Two-Minute Football, the action part of any National Football League game, when the hurry-up offense meets the prevent defense and the quarterback goes head to head against such creatures as the nickel back and the dime back—and, yes, even the penny back. It's a time for keen eyes, sharp minds, cool hands and fast feet, but not a fluttering heart.

We have assembled this forum, comprising some of the finest minds in the NFL, because of the fan's right to know. Our topic is Two-Minute Football. Specifically, we will address ourselves to these questions: Why do you call a prevent defense a prevent when it doesn't prevent anything? And if the two-minute offense is so productive, why don't teams use it for all 60 minutes? Have we stated the questions correctly?

FAN: Yes. My complaint is this. The defense is shoving the offense around all day and they're pressuring the quarterback, then all of a sudden the bell rings, the clock says two minutes left, and they go into their prevent. They pull in their horns, rush only three guys and drop everybody else deep. If you ask me, they just handed the momentum over to the other team. Instead of controlling the game the way they have all day, the defense now is playing scared. So the other guys march right down the field on them when they haven't been able to do that all day.

TOM LANDRY, Dallas coach: I know it looks bad to the fans, but the percentages say you're better off in a prevent defense. They might move on you, but it gets very tough to score.

FAN: Well, how about your team? You rushed only three guys and dropped the other eight back on that play last year when the Rams beat you with a touchdown in the playoffs. But in your last Philadelphia game, you threw an all-out blitz at the Eagles on their last play and pressured Ron Jaworski into a bad throw.

LANDRY: Sometimes you have to gamble, just to shake the offense up. And the Rams thing was a fluke—a guy tips the ball, a guy misses a tackle . . . I don't even want to talk about it.

CLIFF HARRIS, former Dallas safety: Percentages are percentages, and they say a prevent is correct. Besides, a team isn't going to open up against you and play home-run football until the last few minutes anyway.

FAN: But why not? That's what bugs me, this stodgy NFL approach. What would happen if a team went into its two-minute offense in the middle of the game, or even at the beginning? What if a team ran a no-huddle offense, a hurry-up, just to shake up the defense, to keep them from getting their signals in? What would happen, huh?

Silence.

More silence.

Finally, Louie Kelcher, San Diego's 280-pound defensive tackle, clears his throat.

KELCHER: Why, it would *continued*

The last two minutes are always a race against the clock; the offense presses furiously to beat the clock with a score, the defense simply wants to see the seconds fly by.



ILLUSTRATION BY TOMMY SOLOSKI

TICK...TICK...

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN





plumb wear me out, that's what would happen. Lawd, Lawd. I hate to even think of it. You'd never catch your breath.

AL DAVIS, Oakland owner: It would be racehorse football. Not a bad idea, really. Everything would happen so fast, the defense wouldn't be able to get their calls from the sidelines. If the other teams knew you had racehorse football in your plan, it would force them to practice against it during the week. Of course, it would take a lot of courage to use it in a game. Bill Walsh tried it with the 49ers last year, but you've got to have the people to make it go.

BILL WALSH, San Francisco coach: We'll probably do a little of it again this year, but you have to be careful with something like this. An offense can run itself out of steam pretty early.

MARV LEVY, Kansas City coach: I've done it in college, but not here. You just can't duplicate a two-minute situation when you're in the middle of a game. In a real two-minute offense, you're not as worried about an interception. You'll take a chance. Also, at the end of a game you're in a four-down situation, not a three-down; you're not going to punt on fourth down in the last two minutes. It's tough to run a two-minute drill when you have only three downs to work with. You can run out of downs awfully quick.

FAN: O.K., I get the picture, but I don't buy it one bit. I think if you can force the defense into a three-man rush, a prevent situation, early in the game, you're accomplishing something.

JOE THEISMANN, Washington quarterback: As a quarterback, I'd love to play against pure prevent all the time because it's easier to throw into.

FAN: Hold it. Let's define what we mean. I know that when a team goes with three or four wide receivers, the defense has to bring in an extra defensive back or two to cover them. What I'm talking about is teams rushing only three men—against five blockers—and giving the quarterback all that time.

TERRY BRADSHAW, Pittsburgh quarterback: If I have time to throw, I know I should complete the pass, no matter how many people are back there.

GEORGE MARTIN, New York Giants defensive end: Joe and Terry are dead right. Dallas beat us in the last few minutes last year because we rushed only three and gave Staubach time. God, I hate that three-man rush. You're just spinning your wheels.

RED MILLER, Denver coach: We rush only three in prevent situations because that's our basic defense, a three-man front. The trend now is for 3–4 teams to go to a four-man rush on third-and-long, but we want to do what we know best.

FAN: Yeah, that's why Denver finished last in sacks last year.

MILLER: I'm not worried about that. The whole idea is to prevent a score.

HAVEN MOSES, Denver wide receiver: Personally, I like to run my patterns against a prevent. Everyone's trying to stop the big bomb, and you can nickel-and-dime your way downfield.

NAT MOORE, Miami wide receiver: If you have the time, you'll get open.

BUM PHILLIPS, Houston coach: Look, personnel has a lot to do with it. For a few years we didn't have more than two or three guys who were any good at rushing the passer, anyway.

As the clock winds down, placekickers become packages of nerves, knowing that their time may come; coaches prefer kickers with more steel in their hearts than in their feet.



FAN: But how about the psychology of the three-man rush on a prevent?

LEVY: There's no question that psychologically the three-man rush helps the offense.

JOE COLLIER, Denver defensive coordinator: It helps the defense, too. It's cat-and-mouse. You're sitting back there waiting for them to make a mistake.

BUDDY RYAN, Chicago defensive coordinator: Don't forget, when you're not playing prevent, there's always the chance a defensive back will trip and fall and give up the big one.

LEN DAWSON, NBC analyst, retired K.C. quarterback: I can't see a strategy based on that kind of fear. He can trip at any time. Besides, you can play aggressively up front and pressure the quarterback and still tell your secondary to keep everything in front of them.

ANONYMOUS COACH (covering his face because he doesn't want people to get mad at him): It comes down to this. Every profession has its limitations, and coaching is no exception. It's tough. You're under the gun from management and ownership. It's much safer to do what everyone else is doing. It's much easier to take the standard NFL approach, both on and off the field.



Some teams call the desperation volleyball pass "Big Ben" because it's supposed to beat the clock; the Eagles should call it "Big Harold" because their Mr. Carmichael is 6' 8".

In the frenzy called Two-Minute Football a game, a season, possibly a career melts down into two minutes of agony. The offense is running without a huddle, the clock is ticking the game away, the fans are screaming, and the quarterback keeps begging for silence. His coach is yelling something at him from the sidelines, but can't be heard. The coach rips off his earphones and hurls them to the ground. Damn things won't work right anyway. His heart is going whack, whack. His pulse rate is up to 150. His offensive coordinator has lost his mind.

"In a situation like that," Tom Landry says, "your probability of success is very low. We call it a negative situation."

The rules are slightly different in the last two minutes. So are the players. They've shrunk. Wide receivers replace fullbacks. Nickel and dime backs replace linebackers. A seventh defensive back (a penny back, we'll call him) sometimes replaces a lineman. Maybe some team will go to eight defensive backs this year. Maybe the field will be covered with Munchkins, with Lilliputians. Speed, get more speed in the game. The whole tempo of the action has picked up, and all of a sudden a game that has been deadly dull bursts into flame.

Does anyone remember that the first 58 minutes of the Immaculate Reception game between Pittsburgh and Oakland in 1972 put everyone to sleep? Can anyone recall a single moment from the Ice Bowl NFL championship between Green Bay and Dallas in 1967 until that final Packer drive, when Bart Starr followed Ken Bowman and Jerry Kramer into the end zone? Does anyone remember the first 58 minutes of any Dallas game ever?

There are players who seem to come alive under the pressure of winning it all in the last two minutes. Ken Stabler has been a struggling 58-minute quarterback the last couple of seasons, but no one wants to go against him in the final two. "When you need five yards in those last two minutes," says Bum Phillips, the Snake's new boss in Houston, "you can bet he'll get you six."

Roger Staubach had moments of terrible frustration in his 11 years in Dallas, times when his passes fluttered and sailed and the fans booed him. But given a win-or-else situation in the closing moments, no one was better. It's almost as if these people are suddenly transported to a higher plane in the last two minutes. Pressure sharpens the senses and elevates every aspect of performance.

"I honestly used to feel sorry for the other team's defense sometimes when I'd watch Roger go to work in those last two minutes," Cliff Harris says. "You'd put yourself in their position and realize the feeling of utter helplessness. There was really nothing you could do to stop him when he was on."

To Staubach, there is nothing mystifying about it. "It was just a matter of having your head clear and your concentration sharp, of understanding what your people could do and what the other team's people couldn't do," he says. "And then, of course, it was a matter of performing."

There was always something a little cold-blooded about the way Staubach went to work in the last two minutes. Johnny Unitas was very cold-blooded, too. Stabler is. But there

continued



are other two-minute styles: the hot-blooded approach of a Jim Zorn or a Brian Sipe, both scary two-minute quarterbacks; the hectic, near-frantic manner in which Fran Tarkenton got the job done.

"It helps me that our basic offense is a little crazy anyway," Zorn says. "Sometimes we run four wide receivers on first down, no matter what part of the game we're in." Seattle Offensive Coach Jerry Rhome shakes his head. "It may seem like madness when Jim takes us on one of those last-minute drives," he says, "but it's a controlled kind of madness. He always knows exactly what he's doing. It's amazing how some people come apart in that time, how nerve-racking it is. I've seen quarterbacks throw the ball out of bounds to stop the clock on fourth down. I've seen receivers step out of bounds to stop the clock when there's no one within 30 yards of them. I've seen it in high school and college and the pros."

Peace and order rarely reign on the sidelines in the closing moments; usually the scene is one of confusion, with the quarterback competing with his coaches for speaking privileges.

In the eyes of Len Dawson, "There's one constant in the two-minute game, and that's the confidence of your teammates. The guy who seemed unbelievable to me last year was Sipe. I covered five of Cleveland's games—Houston, the Jets, Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Miami—and he pulled four of them out at the end. I talked to the Cleveland players, and they really believe he can get it done. The receivers feel he'll get them the ball if they get open. So the linemen are going to try to hold their blocks for that one extra split second. Now you've won it. Everything's a sales job when you get that many people involved."

It's an unpredictable time, those last two minutes, and sometimes the clouds part when things look darkest. The Immaculate Reception was really the result of a good defensive play; trouble was, the ball was knocked into the hands of Franco Harris. San Diego beat Kansas City 29–23 in overtime in 1978, but the Chargers almost blew it when Dan Fouts misread the clock and threw a pass instead of setting up a point-blank field goal; a K.C. defensive back slipped, and John Jefferson caught Fouts' pass for a TD while on his back in the end zone.

These are the grace notes of Two-Minute Football, though. "The whole idea," Landry says, "is to have the *continued*



A TIME TO

All in splendid all, Roger Staubach brought the Dallas Cowboys from behind to win 23 games in the fourth quarter, 14 of them in the last two minutes. The best comeback ever, Staubach says without hesitation, was the knockout punch in Dallas' 35–34 victory over Washington last December, the game that put the Redskins out of the playoffs.

"That game had more emotion than any I ever played," says Staubach. "It was just the impossibility of it. The Redskins came into Texas Stadium as if they were going to wipe us out. They led 17–0 before we knew what hit us. Then we went up 21–17, and on the sidelines we thought the game was over, but they came back in the fourth quarter and went ahead 34–21. I mean, it was just crazy the way the momentum swung. Then. . . ."

Let's take a closer look at that fourth quarter. A little more than four minutes remained when the Redskins, with that 34–21 lead, had a third-and-four on the Dallas 42. Some fans were leaving to beat the traffic. Then Clarence Harmon fumbled and Randy White recovered on the Cowboys' 41. The clock showed 3:49.

Tom Landry has said that Staubach was "perfect" on the last two Cowboy drives which produced two touchdowns; the record shows that he completed seven of 10 passes for 134 yards in the two minutes and 36 seconds Dallas controlled the ball. Every play was a pass. The three times Dallas had the ball before those final two scoring drives, Staubach had been unable to produce a single first down.

His offense was undermanned. Ron Springs was playing for Tony Dorsett, who was out with a bruised shoulder, Butch Johnson had replaced a hobbling Drew Pearson, and the Redskins had nullified Tight End Billy Joe Dupree, who had had only one reception all day.

"When play resumed," says Staubach, "we were into our two-minute offense. There were more than two minutes left, nearly four, but we needed two touchdowns, so that made it a two-minute situation. That meant we took all our patterns five yards deeper, and were in the shotgun for almost every play."

On the first play, Staubach passed to Johnson, curling in from the left side, for a gain of 14 yards.

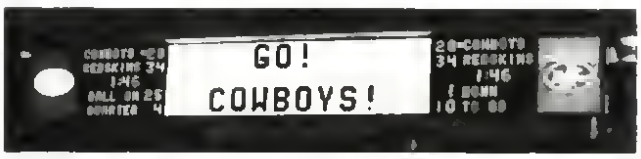
REMEMBER, A TIME TO FORGET



"I was thinking zone," says Roger, "with the cornerback [Joe Lavender] coming up and the strong safety [Tony Peters] going back to an area. Lavender really wasn't the problem on this play. I was just looking for the dead spot."

First-and-10 on the Washington 45, 3:12 left: Staubach hit Tony Hill on a slant-in on the left side, Lavender defending, for 19 yards.

"The clock wasn't a major problem," says Staubach. "I could go over the middle without calling a time-out. I was thinking the Redskins would still play zone to protect that 3-point lead. But if they were in a zone there would be a hole. If not, then Tony just had to beat Lavender man-to-man, which he did. Earlier Lavender had knocked down a pass on our 15. He'd almost intercepted it, but now he had to be more cautious. The huddle was very quiet. No one was talking. I didn't let them. It's no good at a time like that. The excitement was there, but it wasn't like it was the last drive, where a score can win it."



First-and-10 on the Washington 26, 2:27 left: Staubach passed to Springs on a post pattern left for 26 yards and a touchdown. Time remaining: 2:20. The kick by Rafael Septien was good and Washington led 34–28.

"Ron broke it to the sideline, then did the post, a good route for him," says Roger. "He got behind the linebacker and caught the safeties deep. I had to drill it in there, and it was one of the best passes I ever threw. It caught him in the chest. He did a good job getting to the end zone. If he had been tackled on the one, we would've been in trouble."

The Dallas touchdown drive had consumed 59 yards, three plays and 1:29 on the clock, which had never stopped.

Bobby Hammond ran the ensuing kickoff out of bounds, and Washington had to punt after Larry Cole stopped John Riggins for a loss of two on third-and-two. Dallas called a time-out following Washington's third-down play with 1:53 to go. The Cowboys then took over on their 25 following the Washington punt.

"Now we were in a game," Staubach says. "The momentum had swung. The whole atmosphere was different."

With 1:46 to go, Staubach passed to Hill on a floater down the left side for a gain of 20 yards.

Staubach recalls, "I told Tony, 'Make like you're running an in-route, and then break it outside. When you do this, Lavender will go inside.' But when I let the ball go I thought, 'Uh oh, we're in trouble.' I'd read it wrong. They were in a zone, and Lavender hung on the outside while the safety [Nickel Back Ray Waddy] was behind Tony. He made a great catch between them. The throw wasn't that great, but it was on target."

First-and-10 on the Dallas 45, 1:21 left: no shotgun this time as Staubach threw incomplete to Hill on the left sideline, stopping the clock.

"I threw low, threw it away," Staubach says. "Lavender was just staring Tony down. I should have thrown it in the stands."

With 1:18 remaining, Staubach, back in the shotgun, scrambled left, ducked under Perry Brooks' rush and hit Preston Pearson on a post pattern right for 22 yards. Dallas called a time-out, its second.

"If Perry Brooks hit me low, he'd have tackled me," Staubach says. "But I guessed he'd be coming high and I ducked. Preston beat the linebacker [Monte Coleman], and I threw to a spot."

First-and-10 on the Washington 33, 1:07 to go: Staubach launched a bomb to Hill but overthrew him in the end zone, stopping the clock.

"They covered Tony well, and it was a bad throw on my part," says Roger.

Now, with 1:01 left, Staubach hit Pearson on a post right for a gain of 25. On the sidelines, Tom Landry screamed for a time-out, but 10 seconds ticked off before Dallas took its last one, at :45.

"Hill was double-covered on the left side, while Coleman was running man-to-man with Preston," Staubach says. "Ray Waddy was too deep to make a play; he had to help out on the wide receiver. That's the weakness of the defense the Redskins were in—the halfback gets only single coverage over the deep middle. But your line has to give you time to throw the pass. We'd completed that pass earlier in the game. Washington should have adjusted to it."

First-and-goal on the Washington 8 after the time-out: Staubach threw incomplete to Hill on a slant-in right, and Waddy was there to break it up.

"I had Jay Saldi and Hill crossing and could have gone either way," says Roger. "Waddy just made a good play."

Second-and-goal, :42 to play, abandoning the shotgun again, Staubach hit Hill down the right side for a touchdown, the receiver beating Lemar Parrish.

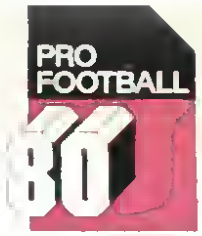
"I called two plays in the huddle, the other was to Billy Joe Dupree on a quickie over the middle," Staubach says. "Washington had done a good job against us in that situation, usually with blitzes. Just as we were breaking the huddle, I told Tony, 'Give him a quick inside move and break it outside, rock him and get him off stride.' Washington is inside-conscious when it blitzes. The touchdown play was called a Quick-9. It's not a high-percentage pass; you can run it eight times in a row and Parrish will make the play eight times. It was probably the first one I hit all year."

Hill's touchdown tied the game at 34–34, and Septien's conversion put Dallas ahead 35–34. Washington reached its own 49-yard line in the final 39 seconds before the clock ran out.

The victory drive consumed 75 yards, seven plays and 1:07 on the clock.

"They had a rerun of the last few minutes on TV the following Saturday night," Staubach says. "I just stayed home and watched it—like a fan."





poise when it's fleeing away from you."

And the courage. "In my second year in Philadelphia," says Eagle Coach Dick Vermeil, "we had a chance to tie Washington in the last 30 seconds. I called my kicker over, and he looked at me and said, 'What about a fake?' We tried the field goal and he missed it. The guy was just looking for a way to shift the responsibility. Last year in Dallas I asked Tony Franklin if he thought he could make a 59-yarder, and he said, 'You're damn right!' And he made it."

Confidence can be an extension of the coach's outlook. Vermeil's quarterback, Ron Jaworski, calls the two-minute period "my turn to have fun." Most coaches who call all the plays will give the quarterback latitude to call his own stuff at the end. "You can waste as much as 10 to 15 seconds per play by having it sent in to you," Dawson says. "Our quarterback is on his own as soon as it becomes impractical for plays to come from the sidelines," says San Francisco's Bill Walsh. "Usually, that's with a minute or so to go. If we have a first down, goal to go, we'll have a set order of plays to be called. We go for the end zone with our best play on first down, a strategy not many people agree with. Once, when I was with Cincinnati, we scored on Pittsburgh from a yard out on a screen pass. You simply couldn't run it over from there on Pittsburgh. It couldn't be done."

Walsh is acknowledged as one of the NFL's master architects of quarterbacks, of offenses. He builds statistics from nothing. Walsh looks at the final moments of a game this way:

"When it's down near the end, and we're in a no-huddle situation, we've got the first two plays called before the series starts. Usually the second play in the two-play series will be a bomb, because that'll stop the clock for us, one way or another, and then we can call the next two plays without wasting time. You can figure the defense generally will be the same on the second play as it was on the first, unless they've blitzed the first time. Two no-huddle plays of no yards can knock you on your rear end, and so will an incomplete pass, because now you have to set something up. This gives the defense time to catch its breath and develop strategy. That's what you're trying to take away from them.

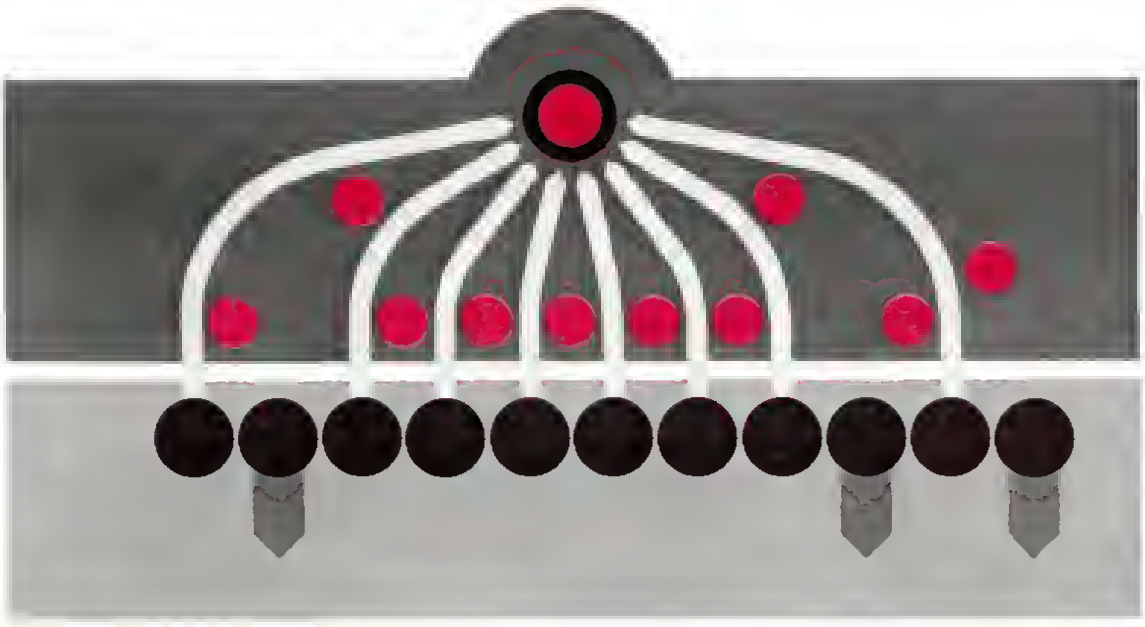
"When the clock is running out, you can go to a third no-huddle play, but before you call a fourth-down play, you should take your time-out. That is, if you've got any left. There are three final plays we use: We attack the weak side with a tall man down the middle; try a hook-and-lateral, where a guy catches the ball inside and pitches out to a trailer; or go with Big Ben."

Big Ben, so named by Atlanta Coach Leeman Bennett "because it's a beat-the-clock play," takes advantage of a 1978 rule change that allows a receiver to tap a ball to a teammate. On this play, three wide receivers flood a deep area downfield, and the quarterback throws into the mob and hopes for the deflection. In 1978 Atlanta used Big Ben to pull out two games in the final moments against New Orleans in the regular season and against Philadelphia in the playoffs. Big Ben also helped Buffalo beat the Jets last year. The Eagles have another name for the play: Geronimo. Harold Carmichael, who stands 6′ 8″, races downfield, rises like a Colossus and tries some volleyball with a teammate.

"It's ugly football," Walsh says. "It's no way to win a game. That rule is one of the least attractive in football. But it's there, so you can't ignore it. If you become preoccupied with it, though, you're playing a game of chance. And you can't build a program through chance."

Like most things in the NFL, you build a program through the draft. Or, as Staubach says of Two-Minute Football, "The key to it is playing on a team that's drafted a lot of big-play people." *continued*

For the quarterback, it's usually all-or-nothing-at-all when the defense sets up in that 11-man front called the Maniac Blitz. The all: a touchdown. The nothing-at-all: a sack.





"If my wife and I were such equal partners, why was I the only one with life insurance?"

"Susan and I were equal partners right from the start.

"We both pitched in with the housework. Both looked after the kids. And since we each had our own careers, we shared the financial responsibilities, too.

"Then Susan died.

"It's been a real struggle for me and the kids financially. And I wonder how we're going to make it on one income, when it was difficult enough living on two."

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Bum Phillips disagrees mildly. "The key," he says, "is playing good the other 58 minutes so you won't need a two-minute offense."

For his part, Al Davis says, "You have to know the rules and know the clock, and I don't think a lot of people do. I've seen the quarterback throw the ball out of bounds to kill the clock, and everyone starts screaming 'intentional grounding.' But it's not. It's grounding only when he's doing it to escape the sack. I've seen teams call time and line up for a field goal with eight to 10 seconds left when they could've run another play. If I'm on the other guy's two-yard line with five seconds to go, I can throw a pass in four seconds and still have one second left to get my field-goal team on the field. That is, if the pass is incomplete. If it's not incomplete, it should be a touchdown, you must make sure that every receiver is over the goal line. There are no checkoff receivers at a time like that.

"Ken Stabler can complete a 10- to 15-yard pass, turn to the official and call time-out—and only six seconds will have run off. A 30-yard completion downfield takes 10 seconds, and if you've called two plays in the huddle, it will take another seven to 10 seconds to put the ball in play again. If you complete that pass and call a time-out, it's another 10 seconds. But you can run up and throw the ball away, and the whole thing has taken only 12 seconds—and you've saved a time-out. Those are the things a quarterback and a coach have to know, or they're going into the game unprepared."

On the other side of it, Levy keeps a chart showing how much time you can reasonably hope to eat up when you're sitting on a lead. If the other team is out of time-outs, you can milk two minutes off the clock with three downs and a punt. 1:25 if they have one time-out left, 50 seconds if they have two, and only 20 seconds if they have all three and can stop the clock after each play. So, if you're behind, it pays to use your time-outs when the other team has the ball.

Like it or not, the clock is always there, the ever-present host at the two-minute party, the eternal policeman. "You can get far more done in a short time than you think," Walsh says. "One, two, three seconds, that's not important. The key is your ability to function under the pressure of the clock, to function when you're running more than one play from a single huddle. And I don't mean a simple play; I mean something complex. You must be able to play in a relaxed manner, without high anxiety and a hysterical approach."

What's a hysterical approach? According to Levy, it's immediately resorting to crazy stuff, to gimmicks. "Trick plays seldom work in the last two minutes," he says. "People are more wary of them. You won't find flea-flickers being used."

"Repeats kill you, too," Walsh says. "It doesn't pay to fall back on a big play that worked earlier. The defense will make you think it's there again, and they'll trap you. People are smart in the NFL. It's not just a wild game we're playing out there, with people slashing through each other."

To the cold-eyed quarterback, the last two minutes of the first half can be even more important than the final two of the game. Dawson says, "If you score at the end of the first half, you can use it to set up something else at the end. Once when we were playing Oakland, I was throwing quick outs [sideline passes] to stop the clock at the end of the first half. I told Dennis Homan, 'Run a quick out and up,' a takeoff pattern, on Willie Brown. Willie liked to gamble on those outs. He did, and we beat him on the play. That kept Willie loose in the final two minutes of the game. It's like getting caught running a bluff in a poker game. It could be a good thing for you, if you've got any money left."

Most coaches favor a Dawson-style calm, cool approach in their two-minute quarterbacks. Or, as Walsh says, "an avoidance of theatrics."

"A quarterback's theatrics can destroy a two-minute offense," he says. "Some quarterbacks feel they must work the big play as soon as they get the ball. When I was an assistant coach at Cincinnati, we lost to Cleveland once when Virgil Carter came out of the pocket, threw desperately over the middle and got intercepted. When you leave the pocket, you can't control the defense anymore. They'll come from angles you don't expect. It happened with Greg Cook, too. Quarterback theatrics. The quarterback feels he must make a truly incredible play. It's self-defeating."

Coaching errors also can be self-defeating in the two-minute period. Teams waste seconds before calling a time-out; Dallas let 10 seconds go by before calling a time-out in the closing moments of the Washington caper. The coach-assistant coach-quarterback trio yells at each other as seconds tick off. It's all part of a coaching paralysis that strangles a two-minute operation.

"A coach will blow it," one player says, "and then when the reporters question him, he'll lay it off on the team. It's always, 'They didn't run hard enough, they didn't block hard enough, they didn't want it bad enough.' It's never, 'I didn't coach well enough.'"

What kind of two-minute offensive, or defensive, statistics are good? Green Bay Coach Bart Starr says, "We consider 50% good, but we prefer better." He was talking about offense—one out of two series producing a score in the two-minute period at the end of either half. "We keep stats on everything," says Detroit Coach Monte Clark. "None of them are very good." Bum Phillips doesn't want to be reminded of his team's offensive failings in the two-minute phase the last few seasons. Phillips says that, defensively, the Oilers shoot for 100% success if the opponent begins its two-minute drill beyond midfield, 80% inside the 50. "But that's just clinic talk," Bum says. "We try to stop everybody all the time."

Two coaches have broken it down by the numbers. Landry's offensive goal is a modest 50%; the Cowboys hit that in 1978, but they slumped to 30% in 1979, despite the four games Staubach pulled out at the end. "It's deceiving," Landry says. "You could have four or five two-minute series in a game and cash in on only one of them, but if it's the last one in the game, then you're in good shape." On defense, the Cowboys' prevent stopped people 70% of the time in 1979, 88% in 1978.

Washington Coach Jack Pardee produced some eye-catching statistics in 1979—57.1% success on offense (12 for 21), 80% on defense (20 for 25). However, two of those five defensive failures came in the final Dallas game and cost the Redskins a berth in the playoffs.

Pardee is one of the few coaches who devote more than one day a *continued*


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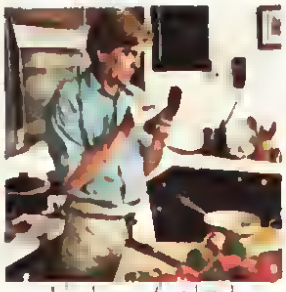
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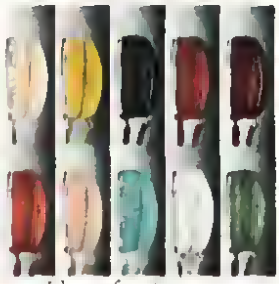
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week to practicing Two-Minute Football. Most coaches install the two-minute game at training camp, then spend about 15 minutes a week polishing it—usually on Friday or Saturday. Generally, the more talented veterans on the roster, the less work is needed. "Most teams practice it more than we do," says Pittsburgh Coach Chuck Noll, "but that will change." Paul Brown supposedly didn't practice the two-minute game at all. "He knew he couldn't cope with it," says one of Brown's former Cincinnati Bengals, "so he didn't want to deal with it. He didn't like anything that gave control to the players. He'd be totally helpless, from an authoritarian and ego standpoint. For Brown, it would be like standing there totally naked."

On the whole, most of the innovations in the two-minute period have been on defense. Oh, there have been a few offensive ripples, and at least three NFL coaches say they'll use the shotgun this year. "Why they're just getting to the shotgun now is what I can't understand," says New York Giants General Manager George Young. "I mean, Dallas has had it all these years, and other people are only starting to copy it." The use of extra wide receivers has been standard third-and-long practice for years, and the 1978 rule change created Big Ben and Geronimo.

But the defense, in its never-ending search for a prevent that will actually prevent something, has gone to a fifth back (nickel), a sixth (dime) and last year a move by L.A. to a seventh (penny) in the playoffs. The basic 3–4 defense turns into a 4–2–5 or 4–1–6 or even a 4–7 in the clutch, and designated pass-rushers such as Mark Gastineau of the Jets and Jesse Baker of the Oilers become common.

And then there's the Maniac Blitz, with its roster of aliases. In New England it's called Sic 'em or Sticky; in Kansas City it's Sticky Sam; in Oakland it's Showdog; in Atlanta, where it originated, it's the Grits Blitz. Fans love it, quarterbacks with little confidence fear it. Cornerbacks lie awake nights thinking about it, because to them falls the task of covering for it; they don't blitz, they just backpedal like crazy in one-on-one coverage.

The Maniac Blitz is a thumb in the nose at the cautious, don't-make-a-mistake reasoning behind the prevent defense, a devil-may-care sneer at the fates, a guy facing the firing squad and scornfully flinging his blindfold to the wind. Eleven men go up to the line, then eight of them charge and three fall back into coverage. This strategy, an all-or-nothing shot, is designed to knock an offense out of field-goal range in the two-minute period. The result: usually a sack or a touchdown.

The Maniac Blitz requires a pair of exceptional cornerbacks. "Without them, it's just a blackboard device," Levy says. New England qualifies as a bona fide MB team because of Raymond Clayborn and Mike Haynes (who was still holding out as we went to press). For a while the Sic 'em worked spectacularly well for the Patriots, but last year they got burned with it. "People seemed to get caught up in the wrong rush lanes," says Coach Ron Erhardt. In Atlanta, the Grits Blitz has gone through a rise-and-fall period over two years. "The Falcons were among the leaders in defense in 1978," says Minnesota Coach Bud Grant, "but last year their blitz collapsed and they had nothing to fall back on."

But is the Maniac dead? Not likely. In the last Super Bowl the Steelers threw more and better blitzes at young Vince Ferragamo than they had against any quarterback in recent memory, rushing as many as eight people on at least two occasions. It was a radical departure from their two Super Bowls against Dallas, when they went conservative and Staubach got two fourth-quarter touchdowns in each game.

"The key matchup this time," says Steeler Assistant Head Coach George Perles, "was Wendell Tyler trying to block either of our outside linebackers—Robin Cole or Dennis Winston. You've got to like a matchup like that. When we played Dallas in the 1976 Super Bowl, there was no such thing as a blitz for us; we'd blitz maybe 18 times a season. O.K., smart people learn from their mistakes. I hate a prevent defense where the quarterback has time to throw. When the prevent breaks down, it demoralizes you. It destroys your confidence. You stop 'em on first down and second down, then they complete one on third-and-long, and pretty soon you're saying, 'What's the use?' "

O.K., George, we get it. You're mad and you're not going to take it anymore. But 2,500 miles away there's L.A. and that seven-back prevent, a frightening offspring of the nickel and dime. The nickel back is a definite type. "He lines up close to that third wide receiver and has the ability to cover him man-to-man," says Red Miller. "The ideal nickel back is fast and experienced and able to adjust quickly. You'll notice I left one thing out—tackling ability. That's the place where you can get away with a guy who isn't a boomer."

The dime back picks up the fourth wide receiver or the halfback, one-on-one. "That's the place to use your all-around utility back who can play any of three positions," Walsh says. And what about the seventh back? "It's anyone you have left on your roster," says L.A. Coach Ray Malavasi. Will L.A.'s use of the seven-back prevent cause a trend?

"I don't think so," says Tampa Bay Coach John McKay. "Not everyone carries that many on the roster. Besides, what if you prepare for it all week and one of them gets hurt?"

"The seventh back worked for L.A. against Dallas because of the surprise factor," says New Orleans Coach Dick Nolan. "With time to prepare for it, the Cowboys would have beaten it."

So innovations come and go, but the sheer emotion of Two-Minute Football remains. "There have been times I played the whole two minutes with my heart in my throat," Cliff Harris says. "You can tell when a team is scared. The defensive huddle gets real quiet. Nobody's looking around; everyone has his eyes on the ground. Other times, you hear people criticizing each other, looking for a scapegoat. I heard the Giants do that. We've done it, too."

"It's a strange time in a football game," Staubach says. "Sometimes you just get a feel that things are going to happen."

"We've always fallen short in the last two minutes," says Levy. "We've come from behind, but haven't been able to hold it. I have yet to win a game in the last two minutes at Kansas City. Until we do, we haven't matured as a team.

"That's the sign. That's what I'm waiting to experience. To steal one that looks like it's lost."

CONTINUED

PAUL ZIMMERMAN'S SCOUTING REPORTS

AFC

East

If you pick **NEW ENGLAND**, the law of averages is with you. How many years have you heard, "The Patriots have the material to go all the way"? And how many years has their curious self-destruct mechanism taken the Patriots out of it? Now they claim that psychologically they're ready to cope with anything. "We are the masters of adversity," says Coach Ron Erhardt.

In 1977 the favored Patriots started poorly when Leon Gray and John Hannah, the All-Pros on the left side of their offensive line, missed three games because of contract hassles. That was a convenient excuse right through December. In 1978, Coach Chuck Fairbanks was gonzo to Colorado as the final curtain went down. That was a convenient excuse for the Patriots' quick exit from the playoffs. And in 1979—in a startling preseason maneuver—they traded Gray to Houston, a deal that haunted them at the end of the year when their offensive line was crippled. Now there's the crisis of 1980: The Slusher Four—four clients of agent Howard Slusher—All-Pro Cornerback Mike Haynes, starting Fullback Sam Cunningham, starting Defensive End Richard Bishop and backup Quarterback Tom Owen—have refused to show up until they get new contracts. "At least this time we knew it was coming and we had time to prepare for it," says a Patriot official. "The other crises caught us kind of sudden."

If the Patriots hold firm and trade the holdouts rather than sign them, that could result in a lot of extra draft picks for next year. One-on-one cover men of Haynes' caliber are like gold in this pass-happy era, and the Patriots would hate to lose him, even though the party line now trumpets Ray Clayborn on the left side as better than Haynes. No. 1 draft pick Roland James is being tried at strong safety, a trouble spot, while last season's No. 1, Rick Sanford, is getting a look at Haynes' position. Fullback insurance came by trade from Minnesota in the person of Chuck Foreman, whose rabbit diet of carrots and lettuce has him hopping lightly at 211 pounds. Still, Foreman hasn't taken firm command of the position.

Elsewhere, the cast is pretty much the same. The Patriots still seem capable of winning big against anybody, or blowing it. They haven't won a playoff game since the early AFL days, but sooner or later their luck will change.

In **MIAMI**, Don Shula has a different kind of problem. Which quarterback does he go with: Bob Griese, who can work a game but doesn't have the big gun anymore, or Don Strock, who can gun it but doesn't quite have Griese's smarts—or maybe somebody else? Shula wrestled with the problem last year until one day a few of the team's elders came to him and said, "Look, Don, Bob's a great guy and we love him, but his legs are shot and he just can't do it." Shula said, "Don't crowd me, boys." But a week later Shula started Strock, soon to be replaced by Griese, then Strock again. This confusion continued right up to the Dolphins' playoff game against Pittsburgh, when everything collapsed.

The Griese-or-Strock dilemma would be minimized if the Dolphins had a big, thumping ground game to hide behind, but their offensive line is still finding itself, and Fullback Larry Csonka left in a huff over $20,000 (Joe Robbie offered $230,000, a raise of $100,000; Zonk wanted $250,000). Dolphin coaches swear that second-year Fullback Steve Howell will give them everything Zonk did, and more, including some bullish blocking for Delvin Williams, but who knows?

What kept the Dolphins on top of the division last year, and will keep them near the top in '80, is defense, but there's a snapper there, too. After the first 11 weeks the Dolphins' defense led the NFL, but then three straight quarterbacks threw for more than 300 yards against it, and in the playoffs Terry Bradshaw and the Steelers handled it easily. So, which defense is the real defense? In any case, No. 1 draft choice Don McNeal has been impressive, and he could be a starting cornerback by the end of September.

The **NEW YORK** Jets are a knockout puncher with a



The Patriots have a bent for suicide.

glass jaw. Their offense will be dazzling, something to frame and hang on the wall. Their defense? Well, last season they allowed more passing yards than any team in history, and the same people are back, except for rookie Free Safety Darrol Ray. There will be a lot of scoring in Jet games this year, a lot of 42–35 shootouts. On draft day the Jets traded two No. 1 picks to get 4.34 Wide Receiver Lam Jones, who carried the baton and won a gold medal for Uncle Sam in the Montreal Olympics. Great, said Jet fans. Can he rush the passer? Then they picked Ray. Is he a safety-blitzer? Then they chose Ralph Clayton, whom they projected as a fullback. Fine, put him on steroids, bulk him up to 260 and teach him how to rush the passer.

The problem, you see, started one rainy afternoon in Foxboro in 1971, when the Jets lost two outstanding defensive linemen, John Elliott and Gerry Philbin, to injuries. They haven't had a pass rush since. Oh, they've had good individual rushers—none better than a guy they have now, Joe Klecko—but never a consistent rush. Last year they drafted for pass rush, picking Marty Lyons and Mark Gastineau 1 and 2, but Lyons had trouble mastering a new position, defensive end, and Gastineau never got it going. This year they returned Lyons to his natural position, tackle, and he will play next to Klecko on the right side.

But the offense! Ah, what a work of art. You start with a line, featuring Tackle Marvin Powell, that produced the NFL's No. 1 running attack last year, add a 217-pound halfback with speed named Woody Bennett; stir well with the proved deep-passing combination of Richard Todd to Wesley Walker; and finally top it off with Jones, who had a brilliant preseason. What you've got is an attack that might not outscore everybody, but certainly will scare 'em.

Bad trades helped wreck the once proud **BUFFALO** franchise, and now Chuck Knox is trying to put it back together again. He suffered a setback when Joe DeLamielleure, the right guard and a five-time Pro Bowl choice, said he'd had it with the Bills. He said he didn't like the way Knox handled the team, the way he ignored the solid citizens and coddled the problem children, such as Linebacker Isiah Robertson and Defensive End Sherm White. So the Bills got on the phone and tried to make a trade that wouldn't embarrass them. They acquired Guard Conrad Dobler from New Orleans, but Dobler couldn't hack it any longer on his arthritic knees and was cut. And DeLamielleure was traded to Cleveland.

What hurt Knox about l'affaire DeLamielleure was that he has always prided himself on being a players' coach, a guy who could use the old noodle when he had to and get through to moody types. Hadn't Knox gotten a good year out of Robertson after the Rams gave up on him? Hadn't White had his best year? What also hurts is that the Bills have a good collection of young running backs, but without Joe D. there is no All-Pro guard pulling on the sweeps. And this comes after a year in which the Bills had the NFL's worst rushing attack.

Elsewhere, Buffalo is still patching and groping, picking up older vets (Roosevelt Leaks, Phil Villapiano, Ron Jessie) and hoping to get lucky. The solid spots on the team are quarterback and wide receiver, with Joe Ferguson and Jerry Butler coming off productive years.



The Colts hope Bert won't have the shorts.

BALTIMORE wins with Bert Jones at quarterback, loses without him. In 1978 the Colts were 2–1 with Jones, 3–10 without, last year the numbers were 3–1 and 2–10. Now Jones says the injured right shoulder that kept him out of 25 games in the last two years is fine, thanks. He is stronger now, too, bigger in the upper body. He lifted weights in the off-season, carried groceries, plowed fields, uprooted trees. His right arm is two inches bigger than it was last year. "I can throw as well as I ever could," he says, "except that it might take me a little longer to limber up."

Mike McCormack, the Colts' new coach, follows the script, which reads, "This isn't a one-man team," but he's keeping his fingers crossed, even though on the surface he's bubbling with enthusiasm. The fans are not bubbling, first, they've got the Orioles to worry about. Only 28,000 Colt season tickets have been sold, down 4,000 from 1979.

If Jones doesn't get hurt, Baltimore will have an interesting offense. No. 1 draft Curtis Dickey can fly out of the backfield, but you won't see him in the same lineup with Joe Washington, not when there's blocking to be done. George Kunz' bad back has passed muster, and he's back at his familiar right tackle spot after a year in the NBC TV booth. Roger Carr is still threatening to run that deep, deep pattern back to Louisiana, but the Colts will tolerate his threats as long as he's got two hands that can grasp a thrown ball. Raymond Butler, the fourth-round pick from USC, has been shockingly good at wide receiver.

Keep that shoulder limber, Bert.

CONTINUED

PREDICTED FINISH

NEW ENGLAND 11–5
MIAMI 10–6
NEW YORK JETS 9–7
BUFFALO 6–10
BALTIMORE 6–10

AFC Central

PITTSBURGH has a major problem. the NFL won't let Chuck Noll have a 60-man roster. Personnel men around the league watch the Steeler cut lists like stockbrokers studying the ticker. The time-honored way of keeping dynasties alive is to trade away your reserves for high drafts, but it's tough for the Steelers to play that game. Everyone knows they have to cut quality people, so why pay for something you can get free? Pittsburgh may have had a few better front-line players here and there during its four Super Bowl seasons in the '70s, but it has never been as deep as it is in 1980. It's embarrassing, really. The camp roster listed 30 players who started in one or more Super Bowls, 14 who played in the Pro Bowl. Where do the Steelers find them all?

More to the point, what can possibly keep them from winning another championship? Well, they missed out in 1976 when all their runners were injured during the playoffs. That's a long shot in '80. In 1977 there was turmoil. No problem in that area so far this year. Coach Chuck Noll says it has been a happy team—except on cut day. Terry Bradshaw admits that the breakup of his marriage has been depressing, and he wasn't always able to keep his mind on football this summer. But he's 32 and has been through a divorce before. And he's a competitor.

And what an arsenal of weapons Bradshaw has at his disposal. He has one of the best lines in the business blocking for him, one that makes the sophisticated trap-block running game work and clears the way for such people as Franco Harris and Rocky Bleier and Sidney Thornton. And if that bogs down, as it did in Super Bowl XIV, Bradshaw can switch gears and throw to the best pair of wide receivers in the NFL, Lynn Swann and John Stallworth.

The Steelers are one of the few teams in football history that can hurt the opposition just as badly in the air as on the ground. Didn't those bombs to Stallworth bail Pittsburgh out when things looked darkest against the Rams? But we're looking for weaknesses, right? The defensive line had nine quality performers in camp, but no real superstar. We're reaching now: the defensive line won't be a problem.



Pittsburgh's toughest foe may be the blahs.

Everyone knows this team—Swann and Stallworth and Kolb and Greene and Greenwood and Ham and Lambert and Blount and Bradshaw and Bleier and Harris and Webster and.... And now we come to the emerging stars. The right side of the offensive line, with Steve Courson at guard alongside Tackle Larry Brown, who's up to 270 now, could be Pro Bowl caliber. Dennis Winston is a dynamic linebacker now, if his bad back holds up. Halfback Greg Hawthorne, the No. 1 draft choice in 1979, was impressive in the preseason.

How can a rookie break in? He can't. The top 1980 pick, Mark Malone, is teething at quarterback behind Bradshaw and Cliff Stoudt, who owns two Super Bowl rings but has never played a down in three NFL seasons. It's tough to earn a varsity letter at Steeler U.

Maybe **HOUSTON** can devise a way to get the divisions realigned so it can meet the Steelers once in the Super Bowl instead of in the AFC playoffs. Wouldn't it be nice to have Bum Phillips spinning yarns during a week of Super Bowl press conferences rather than on the practice field at Three Rivers Stadium, squinting into the snowflakes and saying, "If anyone knows how to play Pittsburgh, it's us."

It's no secret that Phillips is sending it all in this season. Every move Houston made was aimed at that mighty giant to the north. Phillips traded Quarterback Dan Pastorini to Oakland for Ken Stabler, who has beaten the Steelers the last three times he has faced them. Phillips also acquired Oakland Safety Jack Tatum for two, possibly three, games, he'll use Tatum as a nickel back stationed 10 yards deep, and let's see Pittsburgh run Swann and Stallworth on those crossing patterns then! Bum even went the Steeler bloodline route in the draft, picking Bradshaw's younger brother, Craig, despite the fact that he'd been a backup quarterback in college.

Everyone's cashing in on the Oilers. Some 150 different LUV YA BLUE items have been marketed, including a piano. They all luv Kenny the Snake. Fans lined up to buy little rubber snakes. No boos have been heard in the Astrodome. Stabler responded by upping his work load during the exhibition season. In the first game he was supposed to go a quarter, and he played a half. In the second game he was supposed to play a half, and he went three quarters.

Stabler has been spreading his passes around, too, getting all the receivers, including Earl Campbell, into the act, which will earn him no enemies on the offense. His soft passes have been just right for Box Office Billy Johnson, who's now a genuine receiving threat. The Oilers need a healthy Johnson because Ken Burrough is hobbling on a bad knee.

But the big question is this: What will Stabler be like in December after his knees have been subjected to four months of artificial turf? Don't forget that synthetic turf also helps a pass rush. Last year Stabler was the general of

continued



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long, artful drives that ended in disaster—the forced interception, the long sack when he couldn't avoid the first emissary of the rush. But the Oiler defense will like Stabler because he'll keep them off the field longer than Pastorini did. Nevertheless, the Oilers must still play defense and it's a very physical defense they play—lots of hitting, bodies flying all over the place. But while all that's going on, teams will usually move down the field on them. This year Houston has added the Maniac Blitz—an 11-man prevent—to its repertoire.

The Oilers have a heroic quality about them. There was no more courageous game played in the NFL last year than their playoff victory at San Diego, when Campbell and Pastorini were out with injuries. And the next week they almost beat the Steelers at Pittsburgh. This Sunday, in their opening game, they get another chance.

Seven of the nine **CLEVELAND** wins last year came in the fourth quarter or in overtime. In 12 of the Browns' games the issue was in doubt in the final two minutes. Their highlight film is called Kardiac Kids, and their coach, Sam Rutigliano, says, "Security is for cowards. I believe in gambling." Hey, quick, move that franchise to Vegas. We have a live one here.

Brian Sipe was the NFL's ultimate come-from-behind quarterback last year, better even than Roger Staubach. You never knew what would happen when the Browns played, which might be the reason why their season-ticket sales jumped from 37,000 to more than 47,000. They scored eight touchdowns and ran up 803 yards in two games against Pittsburgh, but they got only 12 points in their final game against Cincinnati—and that cost them a playoff spot.

One reason for Cleveland's frenetic style is that the offense is loaded with overachievers: Sipe, Tight End Ozzie Newsome, Split End Dave Logan and Halfback Mike Pruitt. Another is that the defense is shaky. The '80 offense should be even better than the '79 model because the top 1979 draft pick, Wide Receiver Willis Adams, now knows how to get deep. Also, Greg Pruitt is coming back after a knee operation and Heisman Trophy-winner Charles White, the No. 1 1980 draftee, knows what he's doing, although he's not as zippy as Greg Pruitt.

Sipe, the Pruitts and White all got a surprise bonus on Labor Day when the Browns acquired All-Pro Guard Joe DeLamielleure from Buffalo; DeLamielleure is a superb blocker both on pass plays and on sweeps.

But the Cleveland defense is based on hope. Jerry Sherk is coming back from knee surgery, but he's been so great for so many years that even if he's only 80%, Rutigliano will settle for it. Sherk will be at left end in the new 3–4 if he's ready, with Lyle Alzado moving back to right end after bouncing around all over the line last year.

The Browns dabbled in the 3–4 in '79 because they had so many talented linebackers, but the hard lesson they learned is that the 3–4 doesn't work unless you have a middle guard to anchor it. They finished next to last in the NFL at stopping the run. Now they're committed to the 3–4. But Cleveland's still looking for a middle guard who can go the route. If the 'Sherk-Alzado combination holds up, though, the Browns are on the road to defensive respectability.



Paul Brown pulls some strings in Cincinnati.

Their biggest problem is the division they're playing in. In the NFC Cleveland would be a Super Bowl contender, but in the AFC Central it's just trying to survive against Pittsburgh and Houston.

Here's a new theory on why **CINCINNATI** nosedived to 4–12 last year: too many No. 1 draft choices. The Bengals had 11 of them on the squad, the same number they have this year. That's their own No. 1s, mind you, not trades or castoffs. But their No. 1s include too many bottle babies, too many sunfish. For years the people of Cincinnati have been hearing, "What a great draft the Bengals had." Then they watched the team go poof.

Now if Paul Brown were the old Paul Brown, this problem would have been corrected long ago. But the old boy doesn't seem to be working the franchise anymore. Oh, he'll meddle and pull a few strings, but the quality of his input has gone way down. It's much easier to fire the coach and then hire the toughest son of a gun you can find to replace him and hope he'll whip the team into shape.

So Forrest Gregg came down from Canada to take over from Homer Rice and ran the roughest camp anyone can remember in Cincinnati. Maybe that kind of shock therapy will work. The Bengals certainly have the talent to make a run at somebody. The draft produced an instant starter in 6′ 6″, 286-pound Anthony Munoz, who was plunked down at left tackle and has had no problem settling in.

Eyebrows went up when Kicker Chris Bahr, who hit six of eight field goals from 40 yards or more, was cut in favor of a free agent named Ian Sunter.

But—how can a defense that starts an entire line of No. 1 draft choices, plus another at linebacker, finish last in the NFL? When you find out, call Coach Gregg—collect.

PREDICTED FINISH

PITTSBURGH 12–4
HOUSTON 11–5
CLEVELAND 8–8
CINCINNATI 6–10

CONTINUED

AFC West

Don Coryell is Woody Hayes in reverse. Three things make the **SAN DIEGO** coach nervous: the sight of his quarterback handing the ball off; the sight of a running back carrying the ball; and . . . we can't think of the third, but it has to do with the running game. Coryell tested his passing attack to the limit last year and found out, yes, you have to run the ball to win, if only a teeny-weeny bit. "We work on our running game 10 minutes in practice," said a Charger offensive lineman, "and even that's an exaggeration." Coryell's pass, pass, pass philosophy—in a league whose clubs ran more than they passed, San Diego's pass-to-run ratio was 541 plays to 481—carried the Chargers magnificently to a 12–4 regular season and the division championship in 1979 and brought Dan Fouts the most passing yards of any NFL quarterback ever—4,138. However, the magic went pffft in the playoffs when Houston picked Fouts clean and there was no running game to fall back on.

Coryell acquired Fullback John Cappelletti from L.A. in a trade, but Cappelletti may help the passing more than the running; his big pluses are as a receiver and a blitz-collector. Three offensive linemen—Ed White, Doug Wilkerson and Russ Washington—are getting along in years. Tight End Kellen Winslow is fit after a broken right leg and has the job to himself. Running Back LaRue Harrington (No. 6) could be the steal of the draft if his post-op left knee holds up. Healthy, Harrington would have been a No. 1 or No. 2, and in the preseason he played that way.

The San Diego defense has many quality people. Tackle Louie Kelcher, back from a knee operation that kept him out all but three minutes of last season, lines up next to Wilbur Young, who moves to the outside after a great fill-in job for Kelcher; this gives the Chargers 580 pounds of thrust on the left side. But their fine pass-rushing right end, Fred Dean, was another contract no-show in camp.

The big question: Has Coryell changed his philosophy? Will the Chargers discover the run? Well, they've reduced the number of running plays in their playbook and put in a Pittsburgh-style trap-block system. But who knows what will happen once the action starts?

Last Dec. 23 **DENVER** played Houston in the AFC wild-card playoff game. The Broncos were down 13–7, and the clock was running out on them. For more than 45 minutes of the game they had been unable to put a single point on the board. As the final seconds ticked away, there was action on the sidelines at the Denver bench: a heated three-way exchange among Coach Red Miller and quarterbacks Craig Morton and Norris Weese. They almost came to blows, or at least shoves. The essence of the debate was this. Why wasn't Morton able to control the ball more and dump it off and move the club? To which Morton replied, Well, Coach, you put the offense in, not me.

The game, and the argument, became a burr in Miller's saddle, and in the off-season he did two interesting things. He hired Stanford Coach Rod Dowhower to concoct a new offense, one that would feature a ball-control passing game—a dump-off game—and he acquired Matt Robinson from the Jets to throw those passes.

So, the Broncos supposedly are ready to attack the jungles of the West with a new quarterback and a new offense, but let's look at this thing sensibly. The idea of the new offense is to throw the ball more to the backs. However, in the last two games of 1979, when the Broncos could score only two TDs, the backs caught 19 of the 27 completions against San Diego and eight of the 14 against Houston.

Denver's defense wore itself out trying to carry the whole load in 1979. The sack total fell from 35 in 1977 to just 19, lowest in the NFL. Gone was Lyle Alzado, the leader of the Orange Crush. Rubin Carter was no longer a hit man at middle guard; in fact, Carter has now been moved to right end, to save his legs, and has been replaced by a new boomer, Don Latimer. Miller hopes the offense will control a bigger piece of the ball so the defense won't have to be on the field all game. On the whole, the Denver defense is still a big league unit, with such stars as Randy Gradishar, Bob Swenson, Bill Thompson and Louie Wright, and the book still says that good defenses produce playoff teams.

Which brings us to **KANSAS CITY**, the emerging team in the AFC, thanks to a defense that's on the rise. There was a lot of heat in town during the off-season. Coach Marv Levy's conservative offense drew some of it. Hey, let's throw the ball a little and get some points on the board (K.C. was last in passing in 1979). Then there were the big contracts awarded to the Canadian imports, Cornerback Eric Harris and Quarterback Tom Clements. How about spreading it around a little? How about the guys who fought and bled for ol' K.C. all those years?

In answer, Levy, who buried his unproductive wing T for good midway through last season, promised a rollout

continued



The Raiders' story: a tale of two cities.

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passing game tailored to the talents of young Quarterback Steve Fuller. He also found a flyer in the draft, Carlos Carson from LSU, who can burn deep. And after a brief contract walkout by vets Tony Reed and Whitney Paul, which got verbal support from the older Chiefs, management promised that contracts would be examined and adjusted at season's end on the basis of performance. Harris, now rumored to be unhappy with life in Kansas City, missed the preseason with a bad leg, and people wondered when they actually were going to get a look at him. But if he gets straightened out, the defense could have the best in the NFL at two areas—cornerback, where Harris teams with Gary Green, and defensive end, which is manned by Art Still (the second-best in pro football, behind Lee Roy Selmon) and the vastly improved Mike Bell.

Not that the Chiefs are home free. Fuller was impressive last season as a rookie but is still unproved. The offensive line, though anchored by one of the NFL's best centers, Jack Rudnay, is a patchwork unit; No. 1 draft choice Brad Budde is not yet ready to assume command at offensive guard. And the Chiefs' receivers are only so-so. But at least K.C. seems to be moving in the right direction.

Check **SEATTLE** out. Each year the Seahawks draft for defense, and each year their offense gets better and the defense gets worse. All right, that's a slight exaggeration, but very slight. Nothing could be more ineffectual than Seattle's original expansion-year defense, but opposing passers completed 62.4% against the Seahawks last year, an all-time NFL worst. Youth, they say in Seattle, was the problem. Ah, to have such problems. Management calmly reasoned that a year would work wonders. So there were no panic trades, no wholesale deportations. As always, Seattle went for defense in the draft, and if a single lightning-quick pass rusher will make a difference, then No. 1 pick Jacob Green—6' 3", 247 pounds—is the man. The Seahawks paid Green a lot of money (a $1.085 million package over six years), immediately installed him in Carl Eller's old left end spot, and marveled at the way he shot across the line before the offense was set. Trouble was, Green then had to go to the backstroke to get back onside. It seems he has an urge to get going before the ball is snapped.

All this will mean a lot more fun for Kingdome fans, who have had the pleasure of watching the most entertaining team in football. I mean, how many times do you see a kicker (Efren Herrera) recover his own onside kick, and catch a pass, and line up as a wide receiver? What's better than watching Jim Zorn and Steve Largent and the rest of a pass-catch group that can, and will, strike swiftly from any area of the field? Last season Seattle scored an average of 23.6 points per game, fourth-best in the NFL. One negative note: Seattle plays the NFL's toughest schedule, and in one 11-day stretch faces Oakland, Denver and Dallas.

The Raiders are stuck in **OAKLAND** for at least one more year. Their move to L.A. was blocked in the courts, and they report that the latest legal scorecard shows that eight suits have come and gone and two are still pending. The Raiders have sold 40,000 season tickets (down from last year's 50,000), and the fans for whom they'll be performing will be a curious mix—loyalists, loyalists-turned-bitter, zonk-outs, you name it. There should be some good fights in the stands.



The Seahawks score SuperSonics-style.

On the field the team that held a pat hand for so many years is now a scrambler. A lot of if bets must come through before Oakland can challenge anybody: healthy knees on the offensive line; run power from Houston import Kenny King to take the heat off a ground game that shrank to fifth-worst in the NFL last year; a healthy Raymond Chester; a happy Dave Casper. The biggest if, of course, is Quarterback Dan Pastorini, who came from Houston even-up for Ken Stabler, the star of the Oakland highlight films for almost a decade. Wide Receiver Cliff Branch, who didn't get along with The Snake, loves the strength of Pastorini's arm. Pastorini also will stand up to a rush better than Stabler did, and he won't give everyone gray hair with the mysterious inconsistency that seemed to come over The Snake in some games, but he won't be as good as Stabler in the last two minutes.

Little is said about Oakland's defense, which was always conveniently hidden by the offense, but last year it was 21st in the NFL, and that must improve.

PREDICTED FINISH

SAN DIEGO 11–5
DENVER 10–6
KANSAS CITY 9–7
SEATTLE 7–9
OAKLAND 7–9

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

BETWEEN THE ACTS

Pro football is a game of inaction interrupted by bursts of motion. Usually, Photographer Walter Iooss Jr. shoots the action, but on these and the following pages he dwells instead on the static, the tense or reflective moments from which everything flows and then returns

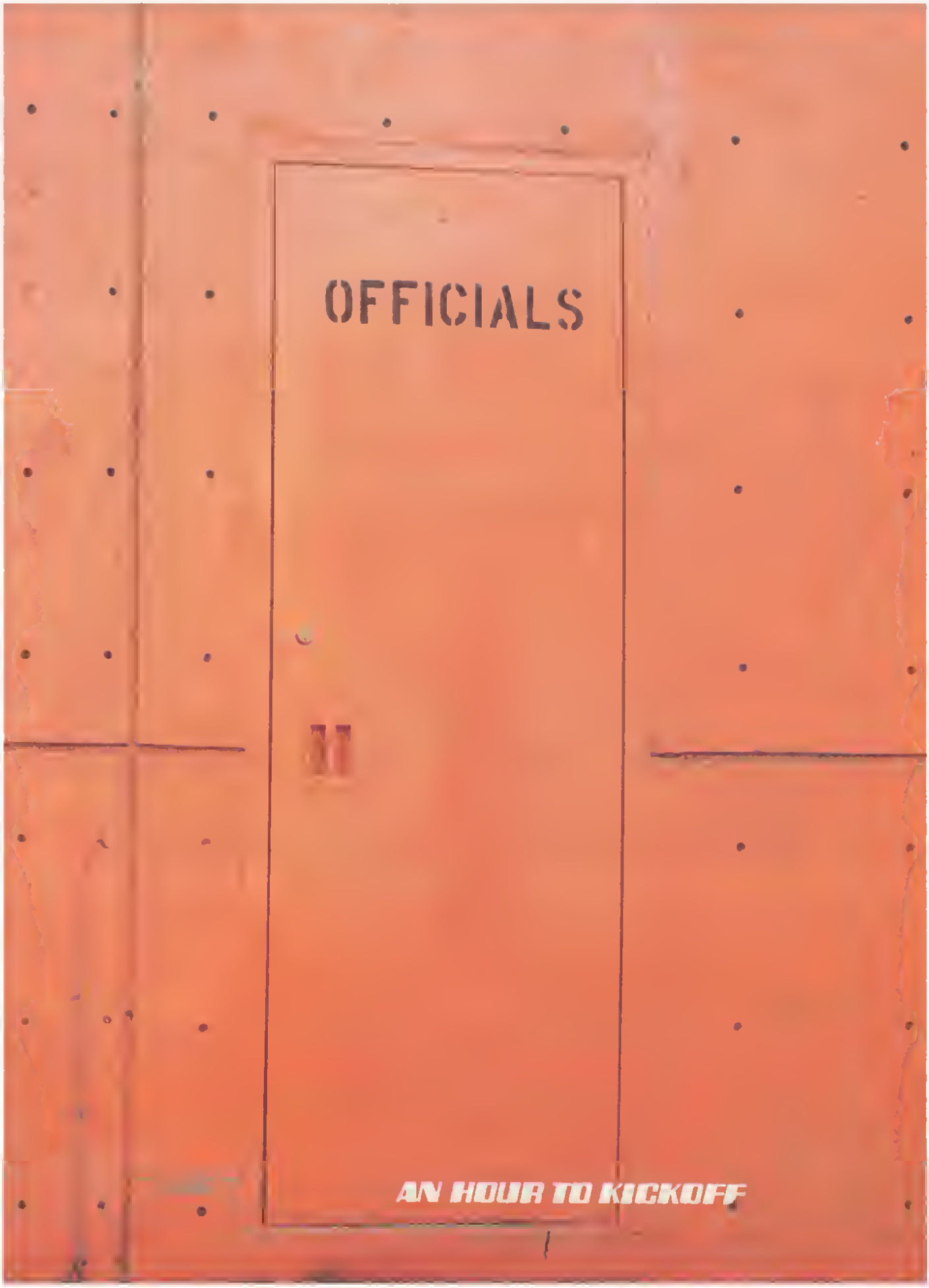



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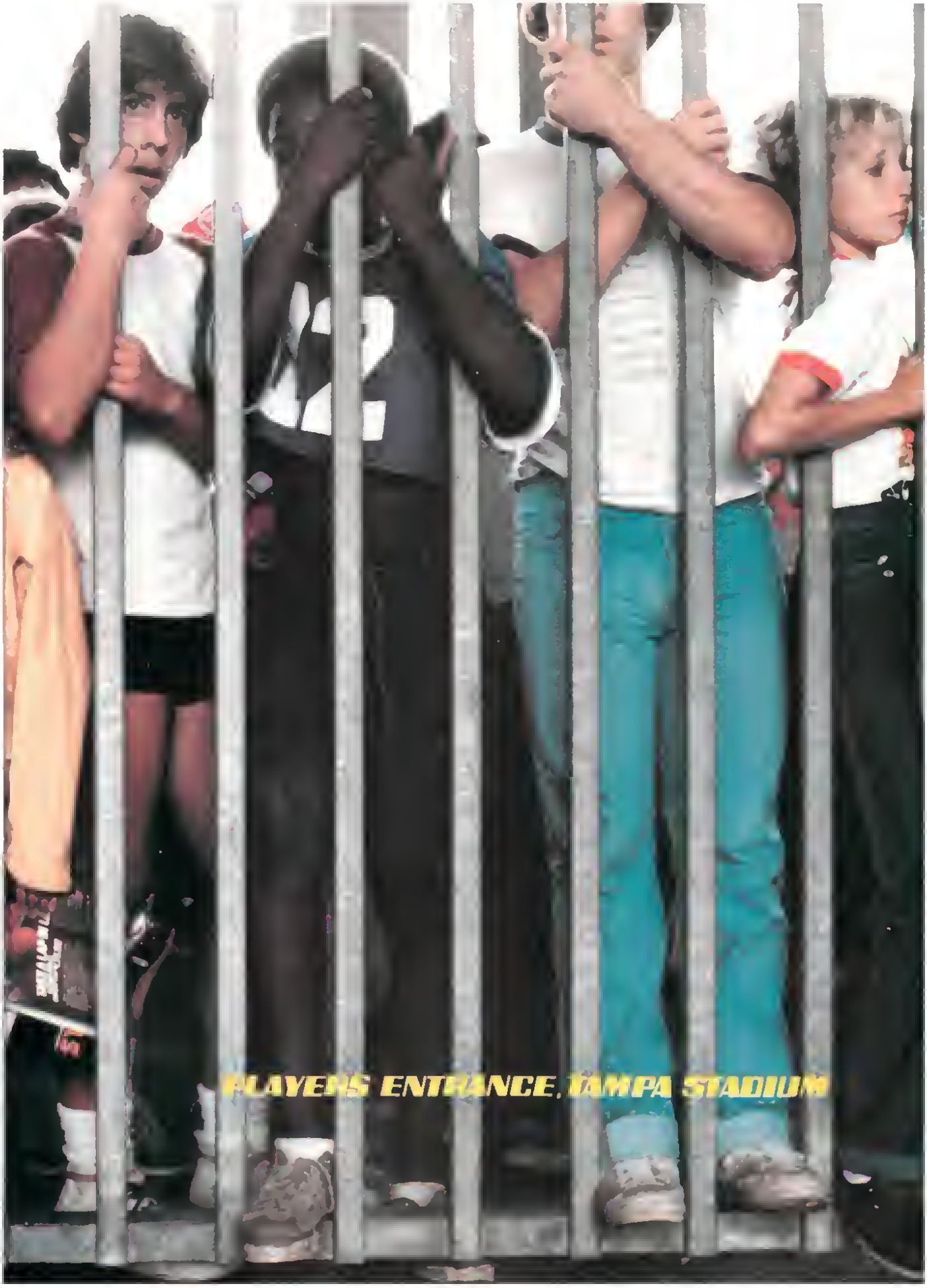


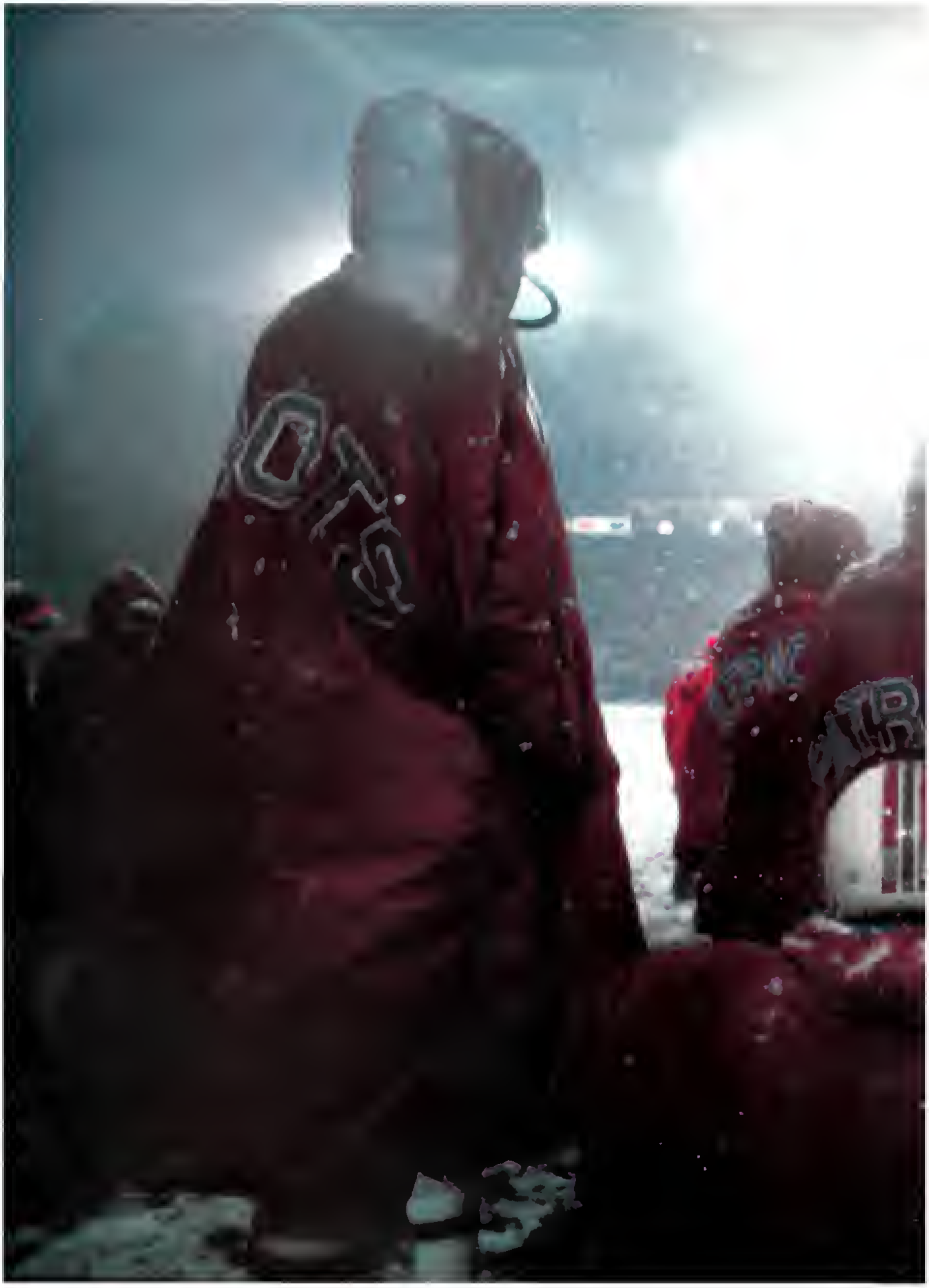

THE ZEBRAS


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NOV. 11, 1979, MILE HIGH STADIUM, DENVER

NFC

East

It's fashionable these days to downgrade Dallas. No more Roger Staubach, too many injuries in the secondary. That might be a mistake. It's also fashionable to be bullish on Philadelphia, which might be a mistake, too. The Eagles are spirited but thin. But how about **WASHINGTON**? It might be a big mistake to forget about the Redskins.

It was only Coach Jack Pardee's humanity toward his fellowman that kept the Redskins out of the playoffs last year. There were a couple of games in which Pardee could have run up the score at the end, but he didn't. And when the smoke had cleared from Washington's 35–34 defeat at Dallas, Pardee had also lost an NFC wild-card spot to the Bears on the point differential formula—by four points. Said Pardee, "Today we lost a doubleheader."

Would Pardee run it up if he had the chance to do it again? No, he says. Anyway, this year the Redskins could make the playoffs by the front door. Pardee traded away his leading pass-catcher, Danny Buggs, clearing the way for the Skins' first No. 1 pick in 12 years, Art Monk, a big, strong wide receiver from Syracuse. He could do what Charley Taylor did for 13 years in Washington: make the tough catches. John Riggins, the ninth-leading rusher in NFL history, staged a contract holdout from camp, and he was placed on the retired list earlier this week. Cynics had said, "Don't worry, he'll be back," but Pardee was smarter. Two weeks ago the Skins acquired Wilbur Jackson, a 780-yard rusher in 1977, from San Francisco. Joe Theismann, the NFL's second-ranked passer last year, operates behind a line that is O.K. Not great, O.K.



If the going gets tough, Too Tall can put up his dukes.

If the Redskin offense is competent, the defense remains a puzzle. Last season Washington was up with the NFC leaders in sacks, interceptions and lowest pass percentage, but had trouble stopping the big play. The Skins allowed 44 gains of 20 yards or more, and Staubach torpedoed them in the finale. Two new faces belong to Jeris White, a solid cornerback from Tampa Bay, and Mike Nelms, a quality safetyman who played three years in Canada.

DALLAS opens against Washington in the season's first Monday night TV game, which may turn out to be a break for the Redskins, because the Cowboys' secondary is a damaged group. Three of the starting four—Benny Barnes, Aaron Kyle and Charlie Waters—are coming off operations, the fourth, Free Safety Randy Hughes, who hastened Cliff Harris' retirement, has a dislocated shoulder.

Solution: a dominating front line. Last year it was in a state of flux, not flex, and, for the first time since the early expansion years, was pushed around. So were the linebackers. Too Tall Jones was in the ring, and Hollywood Henderson was shipped out. The opposition loaded up on the strong side and the Cowboys were overrun.

Coach Tom Landry took a careful look at the stat sheets, and now is running the defense himself, leaving the offensive play-calling to Dan Reeves. Too Tall is back not a moment too soon. Landry says he is "not worried about our pass rush." That pronouncement from Mr. Conservative should send up distress flags around the league. No one can remember Landry ever being satisfied with a pass rush, even in the Bob Lilly days.

Let's pronounce the Dallas defense acceptable, even with a battered secondary, even with a strong side linebacker, Mike Hegman, who makes a lot of mistakes. But who will carry the offense now that Roger's gone? Danny White has always been a competent backup, but he's never had to play No. 1 in the NFL. The Cowboy line is of the finesse type, not a blowout unit, but the attack will be one of the swiftest in football if Ron Springs, a 4.6 sprinter, beats out Robert Newhouse at fullback. Tony Dorsett may well carry the ball 25 to 30 times a game, and White probably will throw to his backs more than Staubach did.

If the Cowboys are really beginning a minor slide, recent drafts may be the reason. Jones was the first player picked in the entire NFL in 1974; Dorsett and Randy White were the second picks in their years, 1977 and 1975, respectively. But for the past two seasons the draft has yielded virtually nothing for the Cowboys, and thus it is that dynasties become history.

In **PHILADELPHIA**, the Eagles have had eight months to think about the way Tampa Bay manhandled them in the playoffs. Let's try a "what if?" What if Bill Bergey had been healthy for that game, if he'd been in there at inside linebacker whipping and driving and throwing his body around? Would the Eagles have gone down so meekly? Probably not. And would they have come up so flat

continued

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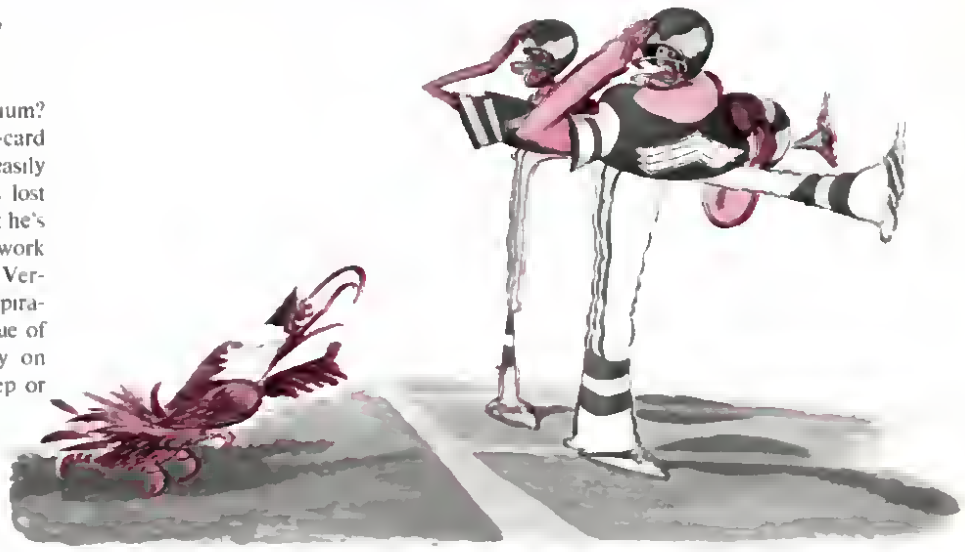


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against Washington in RFK Stadium? Or against the Bears in the wild-card playoff, a game Chicago could easily have won? Not likely. Bergey was lost for the season in the third game, but he's back now after some heroic rehab work on his knee. He's also 35, but Dick Vermeil is one of those motivational-inspirational coaches who can see the value of having a driving force like Bergey on the field, even if he might be a step or two slower than a Jerry Robinson.

The Eagles are an emotional team, one of peaks and valleys; you never know when they will come up flat. That was one of Vermeil's concerns during the off-season. Another was the Eagles' lack of depth.



The Eagles do everything the Dick Vermeil way—or else.

Philadelphia is well fixed at linebacker and on the defensive line, where Middle Guard Charlie Johnson is one of the NFL's best—and most underrated. But there are far too many do-it-all people on the club. If Wilbert Montgomery gets hurt, there goes the running attack. If it's Harold Carmichael, the passing game is in big trouble. Ditto Ron Jaworski at quarterback, although ex-Giant Joe Pisarcik gives Vermeil a better backup than he's ever had.

Vermeil had to replace ancient Bobby Howard at left cornerback, and has found a winner there in No. 1 draft pick Roynell Young. Perry Harrington, drafted to take over from Leroy Harris at fullback, has been inactive because of a bruised thigh. Right Guard Woody Peoples is 37, but no one's been able to replace him. And Philadelphia will open the season with Tight End Keith Krepfle out for two or three games with a separated shoulder.

The Bud Wilkinson experiment didn't work, so now **ST. LOUIS** has gone the other way, the time-tested way, by choosing a high-level assistant coach to take over. Jim Hanifan's credentials are impressive, particularly on offense. As the architect of Don Coryell's offensive line at St. Louis, he created a unit that tied an alltime record for keeping the quarterback vertical, allowing only eight sacks in 1975. As Coryell's first lieutenant on offense last year, Hanifan helped coordinate a San Diego passing attack that generated the NFL's second-highest total yardage ever.

Clearly, the Cards under Hanifan will be a fun team to watch, with O.J. Anderson running to daylight behind Dan Dierdorf's blocks, O.J. catching those little Terry Metcalf-type swing passes from Jim Hart (Hanifan promises plenty of those this year), Mel Gray streaking downfield for a long one, Steve Little keeping the fans guessing on every placekick. But even in their good years the Cards followed a pattern of flashy offense and desperate defense, and that's the way they look now. Here and there are some interesting new faces. Top draft choice Curtis Greer could be an early-season starter at defensive end. Also, the strong play of young linebackers Calvin Favron, Charles Baker and John Barefield has turned a former trouble spot into a strength. Certainly Roger Wehrli is one of the greatest cornerbacks the game has seen. The Cards are coming off two good drafts. One more, particularly on defense, and they should be there.

Ray Perkins walks the halls of Giants Stadium with an expression in his deep-set eyes that his **NEW YORK** players have come to call The Look. It isn't a happy look. On the Monday after a loss to Pittsburgh in the first exhibition game, Perkins put his troops through a wicked 45-play full-contact scrimmage. That night they called a players-only meeting, the tone of which was serious.

Perkins is subject to moods, to depressions. "The loneliness of command," says General Manager George Young. Under Perkins, the Giants did some unusual things last year. They beat the Rams in L.A. They beat Tampa Bay exactly the way you're not supposed to—by outmuscling the Bucs on the ground. When they played the Cowboys in Dallas, the Giant players followed the captains out for the coin toss and hurled taunts at America's Team. You wondered whether they'd be introducing the seniors next. But the Giants pulled an el foldo at the end, and the Colts ran it up on them in the last game.

Certainly there is no timidity in Perkins. Starters he felt didn't pull their weight have been cut loose; hustling rookies have been given the long look.

In 1979 Perkins drafted a quarterback no one had ever heard of, and now Phil Simms looks like the first good one the Giants have developed all by themselves since Charlie Conerly. Perkins cut Doug Van Horn and a sore-kneed Ron Mikolajczyk from a very green and inexperienced offensive line this summer, and he dropped last year's fullback, Ken Johnson, to make room for a San Diego question mark, Bo Matthews.

The heart of the team is still the fine linebacking trio of Brad Van Pelt, Harry Carson and Brian Kelley, and a defense that can, on occasion, rise up and play inspired football—but only on occasion. And that's why Ray Perkins walks the halls.

PREDICTED FINISH

WASHINGTON 11–5
DALLAS 10–6
PHILADELPHIA 10–6
ST. LOUIS 7–9
NEW YORK GIANTS 5–11

CONTINUED

NFC Central

What we have here is an unguarded Brinks truck just waiting for somebody to come along and pick it clean. An 8–8 record is big thunder in this part of the world. The **CHICAGO** Bears are the most stable member of the division, and certainly the least-heralded playoff team since the Cincinnati Bengals in the early '70s. They've made the playoffs in two of the last three years, exiting after the first game each time. Only one ingredient is missing: a high-level passing attack. But that should be the easiest to find in this era of freer traffic. Coach Neill Armstrong got his professional coaching baptism in the wide-open days of the early AFL, and it must be a constant source of irritation to him that his Bears have had so much trouble putting the ball in the air. They just can't keep asking Walter Payton to carry the team.

Payton is coming off an incredible year—1,610 yards rushing, even though his first three blocking backs went down early in the season. He has started the last 63 regular-season games, but obviously he could use some help. It might be forthcoming now that the Bears' three-quarterback shuffle has ended and Mike Phipps has been given the job over Bob Avellini and Vince Evans.

Phipps earned it when he led the Bears to seven wins in their last eight games of 1979, ending with the 42–6 blowout of St. Louis that thrust them into the playoffs on point differential. Phipps lifted weights in the off-season, and Armstrong says his arm is "three notches stronger." That's better than two notches.



Easy, Doug, hands are hurting in Tampa Bay.

James Scott is a quality wide receiver, but he had a broken left ankle last year. He is healthy again, and if he stays that way the Bears will have two flyers on the flanks, Scott and Rickey Watts, plus a tough guy, Brian Baschnagel. Now all Armstrong has to do is figure out how to get his tight end into the end zone—in the last two seasons Bear tight ends have made 37 catches but scored no TDs—and Chicago will have a passing attack.

The Bears have drafted for defense the past two years. Whatever defensive weaknesses they have, they are hidden by a spectrum of 60 different coverages, plus the best pair of safeties in football, Doug Plank and Gary Fencik. The latter seems O.K. after off-season surgery on his left leg. Top draft choice Otis Wilson is the fastest linebacker on the team and he'll see action, although not as an immediate starter.

At **TAMPA BAY**, John McKay snarls and snaps when you remind him that the division-champion Bucs fattened up on a marshmallow schedule last year. "They're all tough in the NFL," he says. But John, honestly now, wouldn't you prefer Detroit and Green Bay twice a season to Pittsburgh and Houston?

The hard fact is that the Bucs played only two teams with winning records last year, and even against their schedule of patzers, they almost blew it, dropping three of their last four games. In fact, the Bucs would have been out of the playoffs if they hadn't edged K.C. in the finale. Tampa Bay wound up 10–6, a minor miracle, and it had the NFL's No. 1 defense, but this is a show-me business and let's see the Bucs do it again, now that the schedule's been firmed up a bit. Not that it's a crippler—you're never in too bad shape when you play eight games in the NFC Central—but Pittsburgh, Dallas and Houston appear this time, and three of the first five games are against playoff teams. They could be gasping for breath by mid-October.

Let's give a little credit, though. Assistant coaches Abe Gibron and Tom Bass did a heck of a job with the defense. Lee Roy Selmon is the finest defensive lineman in the game—no one else is close. (By the way, the Bucs had virtually no damaging injuries last year, until Selmon strained an Achilles tendon and Quarterback Doug Williams tore a muscle in his throwing arm against the Rams in the NFC title game.) The four linebackers, particularly David Lewis, play the 3–4 as if they were born for it; the offensive line, led by Guard Greg Roberts and Tackle Charley Hannah, is firm; and the Ricky Bell-Jerry Eckwood-Johnny Davis combo will run for a lot of yards.

But it's going to be tough to topple the big boys when your passer, Williams, was the worst in the NFL in completion percentage in 1979. The big knock on Williams is that he has yet to learn how to get some touch on his passes, a criticism Terry Bradshaw also heard in his formative years. They also say that he guns the ball when he should feather it: that when he's wild he's wild high—way high, and that he still hasn't got the timing down on the sideline routes.

The defensive line has been juggled, Wally Chambers was axed, with his left-end spot going to Bill Kollar, last season's starting nose tackle. Who knows, maybe the Bucs are for real, and maybe they'll fool us again.

There are three things a great runner can give you

continued

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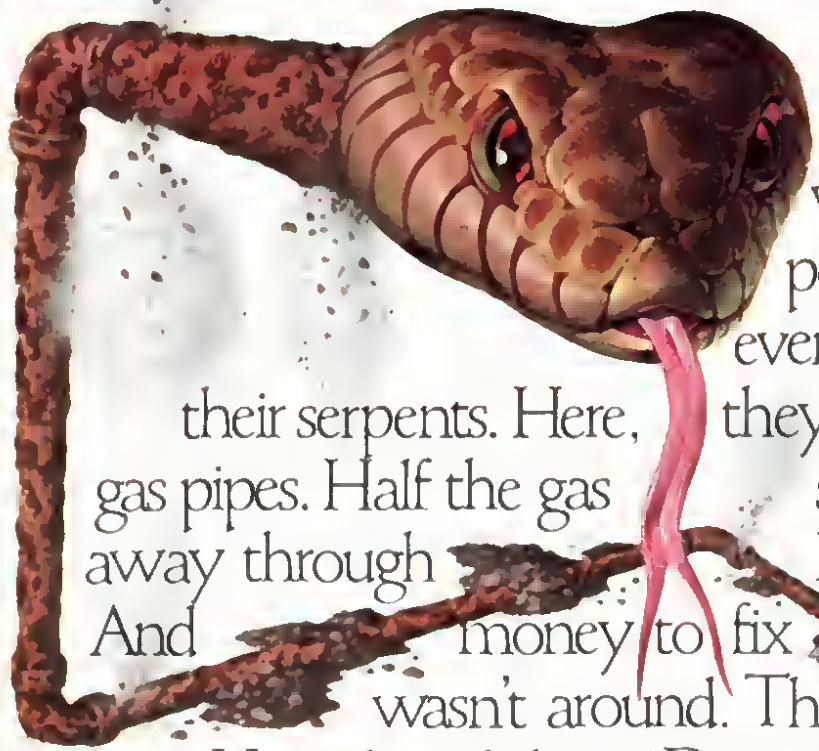
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The pipes of Hatfield hiss no more.



For many, Hatfield was an Arkansas version of paradise, population 433. But even little Edens have their serpents. Here, they were the town's gas pipes. Half the gas supply was hissing away through leaks underground. And money to fix things right wasn't around. Then Mayor Milburn Hines heard about "Driscopipe." Corrosion-resistant plastic pipe developed by Phillips Petroleum. This pipe could fit in his budget. And, with some advice from Phillips, local townsmen could install the new pipe themselves. Which they did. Saved enough gas the first year to pay for everything. And now hisses in Hatfield are saved for villains in school plays.

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Sims will try to keep one hand on the ball and the other on his money.

Ground power is No. 1, naturally. He also can help open up the passing attack. And he can keep your defense off the field. **DETROIT** is asking only one thing of its top pick, wealthy Billy Sims. Be great. Please be great. None of this messing around, Billy, trying to earn a position. Sims was installed as the starting halfback the day he reported to camp. The second time he handled the ball in the opening scrimmage, he broke a 60-yarder. In his first exhibition game he caught three passes, matching the total for his whole college career. There had been some question about his pass-catching ability, mainly because they never pass at Oklahoma. The question has been answered.

Sims will try mightily to transform the NFC's worst rushing attack into something respectable, but he must operate behind its youngest offensive line. That was part of the reason for Detroit's 2–14 record in 1979. Quarterback Gary Danielson had lit a fire in '78, but then he went down for the year with a knee injury in preseason, and so did his backup, Joe Reed. The Lions were left with the shorts offensively, and the defense was no world-beater, either. Now Danielson is back and Sims is in town, but the defense still poses problems.

Bubba Baker, the sack artist, walked out of camp, hoping to renegotiate a contract that had already been extended. A more serious loss was Tackle Doug English, the Lions' most valuable defensive player, who went into the oil business. Coach Monte Clark is trying to talk English into returning, but if he fails Lion fans can expect a flashy team that will score a lot of points and give up same.

In the best of times, the **MINNESOTA** formula for success was simple: a great pass rush that could cover any failings behind it, an all-purpose back who could run and catch, an action quarterback who could move, and a deep receiving threat. But as the Vikings' pass rush eroded over the years, the whole equation broke down. Oh, Bud Grant tried to keep it alive; four of the Vikings' last six No. 1 draft picks have been defensive linemen. Somehow, though, the sacks have dwindled, and a weakness that was always pretty well hidden—vulnerability to the run—became exposed. And the offense, which in the old days was carried by the defense, suddenly found itself in a role reversal that just didn't work.

This year Minnesota drafted Doug Martin of Washington, the best pass-rushing tackle in college, on the first round, figuring to play him in Alan Page's old spot at right tackle, the sacking tackle. Bring back the pass rush and you can get by with an undistinguished secondary; the linebackers don't have to take such deep drops and can cheat up a little and help out with the run. The offense will get better field position, too. And there's nothing wrong with the Viking pass-catch game, anyway. Tommy Kramer, Ahmad Rashad, Sammy White, Rickey Young—they can all make it go. Sure, the Vikes still can't run the ball, but maybe Ted Brown will stay in one piece and add some firepower.

Enter finances. Howard Slusher, Martin's agent, emerged as the *bête noire* in a little drama in which Martin is still unsigned and apparently ready to sit out the year. You don't turn a program around by failing to sign your No. 1.

In **GREEN BAY**, the Pack Is Back—to the wall. The blindfolds have been handed out and the guy with the baton is saying, "Ready, aim—." This could be the worst team in football. I ask you, is this so bad? The worst team will get first crack in the draft at Purdue Quarterback Mark Herrmann, or any of the other blue-chippers in what promises to be a bumper year. Bart Starr then can talk about a great rebuilding program in 1981. If Starr is around, that is. Don Shula might be ready to switch jobs this winter.

Let's be fair. Eight knee operations and a broken arm wrecked the Packers in 1979, which was supposed to be their comeback year. The 1980 draft looked terrific, but Defensive Lineman Bruce Clark, the No. 1 pick, went to Canada and Linebacker George Cumby, the No. 2, injured a knee in camp. He won't play until October. Then Quarterback David Whitehurst hurt *his* knee, a two-month injury, and Center Larry McCarren, the Pack's best offensive lineman, had a hernia operation. Running Back Eddie Lee Ivery has a banged-up shoulder.

The defense hasn't stopped the run since the days of Lombardi. Switching from a 4–3 to a 3–4 isn't the answer. The switch was a necessity—"We've got better linebackers than linemen," that type of thing. Teams must be philosophically committed to the 3–4 concept or it won't work.

Offensively and defensively, the Pack is weak through the middle. McCarren and Whitehurst are out, and Whitehurst's backup, Lynn Dickey, limped through the preseason on a pulled groin muscle and a strained arch. Starr still doesn't know who his middle linebacker will be; Rich Wingo was placed on injured reserve and Mike Hunt has had persistent headaches.

There were dump-Starr rumblings during the off-season, and Starr heard only boos as the Packers went 0–4–1 in the preseason and scored just 17 points

PREDICTED FINISH

CHICAGO 10–6
TAMPA BAY 8–8
DETROIT 6–10
MINNESOTA 6–10
GREEN BAY 2–14

CONTINUED

NFC West

For the first time in nine years there is no Rosenbloom on the masthead of the **LOS ANGELES** press book. Steve is in New Orleans, along with four other ex-Ram executives, and his stepmother, Georgia, who owns the franchise, is now Georgia Frontiere. While she was honeymooning in Europe with hubby No. 7, dark clouds were forming over the Rams' new Anaheim Stadium complex.

Four of L.A.'s five Pro Bowl stars, Jack and Jim Youngblood, Dennis Harrah and Larry Brooks, didn't report to camp, although each has at least two years left on his contract. The fifth, Center Rich Saul, told Coach Ray Malavasi that the only way he could protect his 32-year-old legs was to play two quarters a game—pick any two.

The agents for the four holdouts told General Manager Don Klosterman that they would address their demands to Madame Ram when she returned from Europe. Klosterman's repeated answer to queries on the subject is "NFC," which stands for "no further comment." What would he say if the Rams played in the AFC?

"You've got to be firm in something like this," says Klosterman, who fined each of his Fearless Four $200 a day, starting on July 27, "or it will be a happening in every training camp."

The reason for the defections, plus the grumbling of stars such as Pat Thomas and Jack Reynolds, seems to be the $1.1 million package awarded top draft pick Johnnie Johnson, who has yet to beat out Jeff Delaney, a second-year player, in the battle for the retired Dave Elmendorf's strong safety spot. And while the feeling was that sooner or later the four holdouts would report—probably in time to get their timing down for the regular season—young people like Linebacker George Andrews are getting a lot of game experience.

If the clouds disperse, L.A., coming off its first-ever appearance in the Super Bowl, should repeat as NFC West champs. Malavasi is playing a pat hand; rookies have made little impact. Malavasi installed Pat Haden as the No. 1 quarterback despite Vince Ferragamo's late-season and Super Bowl heroics. "You don't take away a guy's job just because he gets hurt," the coach says. A bad start, though, could change that.

Running Back Wendell Tyler, who put some zip into the backfield, dislocated his hip in an automobile accident and won't suit up until October at the earliest; for now his job belongs to Elvis Peacock. In the off-season, Malavasi cleared out his starting running backs of 1978; Lawrence McCutcheon was shipped off to Denver, John Cappelletti to San Diego. And in the preseason L.A.'s most experienced wide receiver, Ron Jessie, was traded to Buffalo.

All this speaks well for L.A.'s future. Stockpiling draft choices is a good way to keep a franchise healthy, but it won't get the Rams any more points when the playoffs start in December.

Even without the four holdouts, the Rams will make the playoffs again. They can't miss; the computer has awarded them a schedule that includes only four games against teams with winning records in 1979.

Now please make the following roster changes on your **NEW ORLEANS** lineup: from L.A.—Steve Rosenbloom, G.M.; Harold Guiver, assistant G.M.; Dick Steinberg, vice-president for player personnel; Don Johnson, ticket manager; Joe Mendez, area scout. If the Saints could just move some of those Youngbloods east, as well as a Larry Brooks or a Pat Thomas, they'd be in business. It's defense that the Saints need, and it's defense that the Rams have. Until that balance is corrected, the division will line up in the same old pecking order.

Archie Manning and his boys can score at will, but the defense can blow it. The Saints squandered a 35–14 lead over Oakland last year, a 31–20 lead over Atlanta and a 12-point lead over Green Bay. That's right, Green Bay. But the Saints also were only a whisker away from a playoff spot, and that's enough to keep the fans buying tickets to the Superdome.

What a nice offense New Orleans has—Manning and those two horses in the the backfield, Chuck Muncie and Tony Galbreath; good receivers such as Henry Childs and Wes Chandler; and a very solid offensive line, led by one of the NFL's most underrated players, Center John Hill. With such horses as Left Guard Emanuel Zanders and Left Tackle J.T. Taylor doing quiet, unpublicized work, Manning had plenty of time to spot his receivers last year. The sack total dropped to 17, second lowest in the NFL, and the line picked up the nickname *Archie's Bunker*.

For years it was feared that Archie would turn into a basket case before he ever learned what the NFL was all about. He was the classic example of a young quarterback rushed into action too soon—before the club had time to draft a line to protect him.

No. 1 draft pick Stan Brock of Colorado was handed the right tackle spot, and he's still there. Also, Guy Benjamin was acquired from Miami late in the preseason and will serve as Manning's backup.

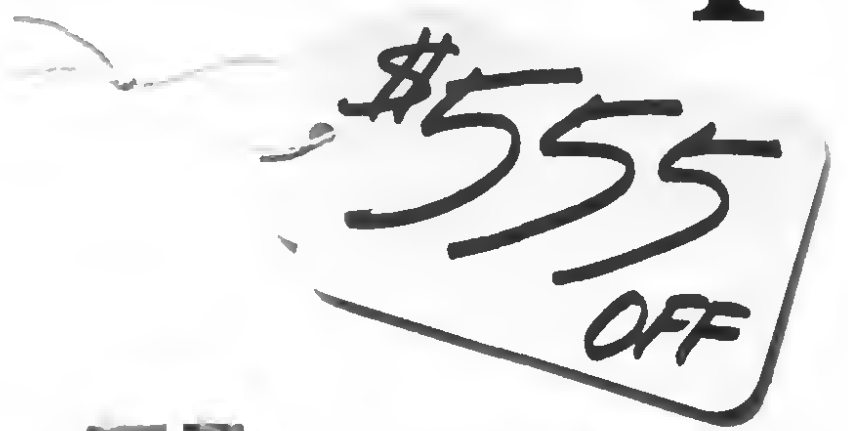
The Saints' de-

continued



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Gotcha! Life is one penalty after another for the Falcons.

fense is as shaky as ever, though. No. 2 draftee Dave Waymer, who was supposed to assume command at right corner, has been up and down. But Reggie Mathis has moved in for the retired Pat Hughes at weak-side linebacker, and if 6' 6", 228-pound Joe Campbell, converted from defensive end, where he was a bust, ever gets the hang of strong-side linebacker, the Saints might be able to stop somebody.

A far-out rumor is that Eric Harris, the All-Canadian cornerback signed by the Chiefs this year, could be heading to New Orleans. The Saints made the best qualifying offer for Harris, but the Chiefs, who had originally drafted Harris, matched it and he was theirs. But in K.C. they say that Harris is unhappy that he's a Chief, not a Saint. He nursed a leg injury during the entire preseason. K.C., the word is, might get tired of waiting to see what he can do and, instead, trade him to New Orleans. Wouldn't that be an unexpected bonus?

A word to the people of **SAN FRANCISCO**. Be patient. The 49ers are moving in the right direction. They needed an offense, so in his first year Coach Bill Walsh created one, moving the 49ers from next to last to sixth in the league in total offense. San Francisco approached the 1980 draft almost stripped of choices, but made some quick deals and wound up with 11, most of which were right on the money.

Earl Cooper, the big, smooth, pass-catching fullback from Rice, has been so impressive that the 49ers were able to trade Wilbur Jackson to Washington for a pair of second-round draft choices. That's Frisco's version. The Redskins indicate they didn't give up more than a No. 3 next year. Whatever they received from the Redskins, it shows that the 49ers have added a depth factor they didn't have before.

Jim Miller shores up the 49ers' punting; Jim Stuckey is making a run at Jimmy Webb's defensive end spot; and Bobby Leopold, an eighth-round linebacker out of Notre Dame, is giving ex-Cowboy Hollywood Henderson a fight for a starting job, a new experience for this child of nature.

Walsh has tried to perform psychological magic with Henderson. First the praise route. "He will give us quality play.... He will give us that experience of being with a winner...." etc. Next came word from Henderson that if he was such a star, then he wanted his contract upgraded. The matter was calmed down, but then word came out that Hollywood was not taking his practice chores as seriously as some of the other 49ers. That's why it's nice to have a young draftee around to push him.

Second-year man Joe Montana had a good enough preseason to mount a challenge for Steve DeBerg's quarterback job, and James Owens could be the keynote wide receiver Walsh has been looking for. He certainly has the speed, finishing third in the NFC in kickoff returns last year. Paul Hofer is the kind of running back who plays to absolute exhaustion every week, and Randy Cross is a quality guard. It's a neat offense Walsh has fashioned for himself.

The 49ers' claims are modest—"We were in 10 of the 14 games we lost last year," Walsh says—and so are their aspirations: an 8–8 season. One lesson Walsh learned in 1979 is that you can't keep running people in and out of camp hoping that somehow a defense will materialize. So this year he trimmed his preseason roster to 70 players after one week, then gave everyone the long look. What he found should mean three or four more wins in 1980.

This was the **ATLANTA** operation in 1979: start the game with heavy ground fire. Mike Kenn and Dave Scott blowing people off the line, William Andrews and Lynn Cain running and blocking like wild men. The Falcons move smartly down the field. Then a holding penalty. Then an offsides. After that, a draw play for eight yards, another holding penalty, a sack, a turnover. Then the defense would try to hold the fort by falling back on the Grits Blitz that worked wonders in 1978. Sorry, not this time. The opponent would score a cheap touchdown, then another, and the hunt would be over.

Coach Leeman Bennett looked at the wreckage of the 6–10 season, which came on the heels of a playoff berth in 1978, and decided he needed defensive help from the draft. But he got trapped. Junior Miller, the big Nebraska tight end, was available when Atlanta's turn came in the first round, and Bennett had to take him. Now to everyone's embarrassment, Russ Mikeska, a second-year man and a former free agent, has held off Miller's challenge; Miller, though, might be awarded a start based on his pedigree.

Secondary help never came, but the Falcons got lucky with a couple of linebackers: Buddy Curry, the No. 2 pick, and Al Richardson, an eighth-round selection who has been only sensational. Many linebackers will get a chance to play in Bennett's new 3-4 defense, the Grits Blitz having been sent back to the pantry. Overall, the Falcons must achieve a better mesh before they can hope to challenge anybody. **END**

PREDICTED FINISH

LOS ANGELES 10–6
NEW ORLEANS 7–9
SAN FRANCISCO 5–11
ATLANTA 4–12

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by STEVE WULF

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GO: UP

The new president of CBS Sports, Freeman Van Gordon Sauter, has impeccable credentials as a journalist, but his closest brush with organized sports came some 25 years ago when he refereed Ohio University freshman basketball games. He says that if he had it to do all over again, he might have become the world's foremost authority on the Crusades. He recently spent his first day at Saratoga sitting under a tree reading books, one of which was a biography of Henry VIII, a man to whom he bears more than a passing resemblance. On the face of it, Sauter, 44, is an odd man to be leading the people who brought us fat men racing each other with refrigerators on their backs.

When Sauter was appointed president on July 11, CBS Sports was in a state of suspended animation. Sauter's predecessor, Frank Smith, was a sales guy who in two years did little more than help people forget the "winner-take-all" tennis scandals that preceded him. Unfortunately, along with the low profile came low ratings and even lower morale. The situation clearly called for a new approach, and CBS decided it was time to try journalistic competence. For that reason, Sauter, the vice-president and general manager of KNXT, the CBS-owned Los Angeles station, was a natural.

He started his career in 1959 as a reporter for the New Bedford (Mass.) *Standard-Times*, where he dropped the Freeman to shorten his byline. Later he worked for the *Detroit News* (as Vietnam correspondent) and the *Chicago Daily News*. In 1968 he became news and program director of the CBS radio station in Chicago, WBBM-AM, and in 1970 moved to New York to head public-affairs programming for CBS radio.

In 1972 Sauter switched to TV and became news director of WBBM in Chicago. While there, he decided to put himself on camera as an anchorman. "I was just awful," he says. He was fired by the man he had hired to replace him as news director.

In 1975 Sauter landed what he still considers his best job, bureau chief of CBS News in Paris. But that lasted only a little more than a year before CBS brought him back to be its chief censor. "That was a little like being a medieval theologian," he says. "The job also entailed a lot of yelling at Norman Lear and being yelled at by Norman Lear." KNXT in Los Angeles beckoned next, and in 2½ years Sauter brought the station from a distant third in the ratings to a virtual tie for second. A casual remark he made to his superiors that he wouldn't mind taking over the network's sports department led to his new job. Still, Sauter was slightly taken aback when he got the news, which came almost on the eve of his marriage to Kathleen Brown, sister of the California governor.



SAUTER PROMISES MORE JOURNALISM AND LESS TRASHSPORT

"I was absolutely delighted when I heard Van would head up CBS," says Brent Musburger, a friend of Sauter's as well as one of the network's leading sports announcers and the anchorman at KNXT. It was Sauter who persuaded Musburger to leave the newspaper business for TV in Chicago in 1969. "Since I came to CBS in 1975, we've had five different presidents, and everybody left friends behind. So there are a lot of different factions. Van is the kind of guy who can bring us back together. When he came to KNXT, the place was in even worse shape than CBS Sports is now. He got us shaped up and got people smiling again."

One of the first things Sauter did as president of CBS Sports was reunite the NFL Today team of Musburger, Jimmy (The Greek) Snyder (*page 98*), Irv Cross and Phyllis George Brown. Cross had wanted to leave the studio to do game telecasts; the first lady of Kentucky was talked into coming back after Jayne Kennedy left to work at NBC.

One thing is clear. Sauter isn't going to be the caretaker Smith was; in fact, he has started to clean house in the executive suite, too.

CBS Sports, by Sauter's own admission, has bottomed out. The division is long on taped trashsports, like the strong-man competition, and woefully short on journalism. Although Sauter says there is a place for entertainment, he does remember an outraged memo decrying the waste of Musburger's talent on something called the Human Fly as "the best thing I ever wrote."

Sauter would like CBS Sports to have some of the esteem enjoyed by CBS News, all of the esteem would be asking too much. And he would like his department to develop a so-called "magazine" format, although right now CBS Sports doesn't have many people with journalistic enterprise.

"One Sunday I was sitting 24 floors above the street in my office, watching the Tour de France on our Sports Spectacular," says Sauter. "Now this was a great event to have on, but I was yelling at the TV because, one, we've failed to capture the beauty of the French countryside, two, we've failed to explain to the guy in Middletown, Ohio [Sauter's hometown] why this race captures the hearts and mind of Western Europe, three, we haven't told him what wonderful athletes these bicyclists are; and four, we haven't explained why their bikes are different from the Schwinn sitting in the garage. We failed to build the bridge between France and Middletown, which is something we will do next year."

The feeling around the halls at CBS headquarters in New York is that the Sports division is finally in good hands. "Van is the ideal man for the job," says Musburger. In time, though, sports may prove to be too small a world for Sauter. Already there are strong rumors that he'll leave Sports to become president of CBS News next year. END

by Anthony Cotton

He's hot, but not a hot dog

To truly appreciate the grace and fluidity of Philadelphia Second Baseman Manny Trillo, one has only to look to his left, where Charlie Hustle himself, Pete Rose, attacks his position. Rose has never been averse to hard work, which is good because without it he could never play first. He pounces on grounders, snatches throws and dives after anything that comes his way.

Trillo, on the other hand, never seems to *have* to dive for a grounder. From the moment the ball is hit, he glides into position, his plane of movement intercepting the baseball's, the throw to first all arm, whipped across his body with a Kent Tekulve submarine delivery.

But while Rose will never be accused of resembling Trillo afield, Manny has developed a pretty good imitation of Pete at the plate. Combined with his glove work, this has helped keep the Phillies in the National League East race, half a game out of first as of Sunday. On that day Trillo, 29, was batting .317, fourth best in the league.



With his batting average high among the league leaders and his fielding as slick as ever, Second Baseman Manny Trillo of Philadelphia is hushing up his critics

A trio of Trillos: wife Maria, who's also his accomplished agent, Manny and daughter Aloha

Only 12 points separated the top five hitters, and Trillo was as surprised as anyone to be among them. "I always thought of myself as a .260, .270 hitter," he says. "After I started so good, though, I promised Billy [batting instructor Billy DeMars] that my average wouldn't fall down." In each of his five previous seasons Trillo has been among the league's hitting leaders in April and May, only to fizzle in the later months. This season he's been hot all year; his average has dipped below .300 for only three days all summer. In July and August, Trillo hit .337 and .330, respectively, 97 and 85 points above his previous highs for these months.

Trillo cites two reasons for his new staying power. In long sessions with DeMars he has learned to keep his left shoulder back when he strides into the ball so as not to commit himself prematurely. The second reason, Trillo feels, is the advantage of playing in Philadelphia after four years in Chicago's sunstruck Wrigley Field. At 6' 1", 160 pounds, the willowy Trillo would wilt in the heat.

"It seemed like it was always 85° or 90° out there, and I was playing 155 games a year for four years in a row," he says. "I would get worn out. We had other infielders, but the Cubs said, 'Nope, you're the one who has to be out there every day.' "

But can you blame them? The cannon-armed Trillo won his first Gold Glove last year, and he's always ranked near the top of the league in double plays, partly because his submarine delivery forces runners to make premature slides to either side of second to avoid being decapitated by a throw.

Trillo defends his motion as a matter of self-preservation. "A player coming in with his spikes high could end a career by wrecking a knee or an ankle, but they do it anyway," he says. "I don't mind a guy coming in hard as long as it's clean, but if I didn't throw this way I'd be part of some outfield wall. Now the runners know they better go down quick."

Trillo says he has been knocked down turning the double play only three times in his career—by Atlanta's Gary Matthews, Houston's Enos Cabell and the Mets' Steve Henderson. "If they knock me down once they'll never do it again," he warns.

Apprehensive base runners notwithstanding, perhaps the most exciting play Trillo makes is on the routine grounder. After fielding the ball in his graceful manner, Trillo hesitates tantalizingly, as if he were searching for National League President Chub Feeney's signature before ri-

continued

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fling it over to first to nip the runner.

While Phillie Manager Dallas Green kiddingly calls Trillo's deliberation "an excellent example of mental preparation," others haven't been as charitable. They have accused Trillo of being a hot dog or, worse, indifferent to the game. Actually, Trillo says he pauses so he won't overthrow first base; the appearance of cool just goes along with it.

Trillo's lithe body and supple movements have prompted teammate Tim McCarver to call Manny "Nureyev," after the great ballet dancer. But as it is with any artist, Trillo's work has sometimes been misunderstood.

"If I tried to play like Pete Rose or one of the old-fashioned guys, I would look very bad," he says. "It would be the same thing if they tried to play like me. Rose's style is not mine."

Trillo, who signed his first professional contract with the Phillies in 1968, is popular among the players, who recognize him not only as a fine athlete but also as an easy mark at cards. One of his best friends on the team, Rightfielder Bake McBride, says, "He's a great ballplayer and quite a gentleman, but what a lousy cardplayer. He's my No. 1 fish." In an ongoing gin game the two play on road trips, McBride has opened up a 9–6 lead, but Trillo is sure he'll make a comeback. "I'm determined," he says.

Trillo has been that way since his youth in Carrito, Venezuela, where he learned to play baseball at age 6 under the eye of the town's sports instructor, Romulo Ortiz. Trillo soon became the teacher's pet. "On weekends Romulo and I would drive to Caracas to see a pro team play," Trillo says. "I would have to watch everything that went on so I could explain it to everyone back home."

That alertness was necessary later, when his team's regular catcher was hurt and Trillo—all 60 or so pounds of him—moved grudgingly from shortstop to fill in. He cried during his first game behind the plate, but he came to love the position and was still a catcher when he signed with the Phillies at age 17. It was Green, his first manager, at Huron, S. Dak., who moved him back to the infield. Trillo made it to the majors with Oakland five years later.

Unfortunately, this was too late for Trillo to keep a promise made to Ortiz. "When I was little I talked about playing in the majors," Trillo says. "I told him that when I did, I would buy him a new car for taking me around so much, but he died when I was in Class A."

Now Trillo is the teacher, conducting off-season clinics back home, where he is a national hero. He has played ball in Venezuela every winter since 1967, but the grind of year-round baseball limits him to 30 off-season games.

Trillo says his courtship of his wife, Maria, was "the best play I ever made," but in truth he barely qualifies for an assist. They met when Trillo returned home after the 1973 World Series. That was a difficult time for him personally, because he was the player whom Charlie Finley had tried to activate when the A's owner attempted to put Mike Andrews on the disabled list after Game 2, a controversial episode.

"All I wanted to do was get home," Trillo says, "but this girl came up to me in the Miami airport and started talking. Then she sat down behind me on the plane and kept talking. I've been listening ever since."

The daughter of a wealthy Venezuelan businessman and niece of one of the owners of a South American baseball team, Maria put her expertise to good use in negotiating her husband's five-year $2.1 million contract last winter. Paul Owens, director of player personnel, called the bargaining "interesting and refreshing. Things never got hard-nosed or intense; they were like a series of little chats. Her arguments were intelligent and logical." And apparently very successful. "I'm very happy with the contract," Trillo says. "I got what I wanted."

But now he may want more. Owens says Maria, ever the diligent agent, has been calling up lately to schedule a few more little chats.

THE WEEK

(August 24-30)

by HERM WEISKOPF

KC 84–46 OAK 65–65 TEX 64–65 MINN 57–74
CHI 53–72 CAL 51–76 SEA 46–82

AL WEST "There's no drama to it," said Dennis Leonard of Kansas City (5–2) about the team's whopping 19-game lead. With the drama gone, the Royals continued to pad their personal stats. Leonard's two wins made him 16–8. Willie Wilson's four steals brought him to 56. Nine RBIs by Hal McRae gave him a total of 66, and his .393 week put him over .300, at .313, to be precise. George Brett supplied his own special drama, batting .484 to hang in there in the .400 chase at .406. As usual, Brett pummeled Ed Figueroa of Texas, a double and homer bringing his six-year average against Figgy to .628.

When the Rangers (5–2) went to Toronto, customs officers said there were drugs in Ferguson Jenkins' suitcase, they charged him with possession of marijuana, cocaine and hashish. His trial was set for Dec. 18. Charlie Hough, normally a reliever, didn't know he would start against the Blue Jays until he got to the park and then he hurled the first shutout of his 11-year career, winning 8–0. Dave Rajsich was another reliever who went a long way. After Jenkins was bombed for five first-inning runs in Kansas City, Rajsich went the last 8⅔ innings and won 10–6. Texas beat the Royals 7–5 when Mickey Rivers got the last of his nine RBIs for the week with a single in the 11th. The team's main run producer all season, Al Oliver, had a two-run double that night to become the first in either league to reach 100 RBIs.

All the other Western teams had losing records, and Chicago (1–4) had the worst. Lamar Johnson drove in all the runs in the only Sox victory, a 3–2, 14-inning win over Detroit.

Crowds of 49,300 and 32,146 increased attendance in Oakland (2–4) to 757,611, almost 500,000 more than for all of last year. Mike Norris (18–7) beat the Yankees 9–1 in one of those games and cut his ERA to 2.21. Rick Langford stopped New York 3–1.

Johnny Goryl replaced Gene Mauch as manager at Minnesota (3–4). Dave Edwards singled in the go-ahead run in the 15th as the Twins downed the Blue Jays 7–5, and then Geoff Zahn beat the Jays 5–2.

California and Seattle (both 2–4) ganged up on Baltimore. The Angels defeated the Orioles 5–0 behind Freddie Martinez and 12–6 as Rick Miller had four RBIs. A six-run first propelled the Mariners past the Birds 10–5, and Floyd Bannister won 2–1 the next night, thanks to Bruce Bochte's ninth-inning homer.

AL EAST "There's nothing like being in a pennant race," said Carl Yastrzemski of the Red Sox (6–0) who climbed to within 7½ games of first. And there's nothing like clutch hits and tidy relief work to get a team there. Jim Rice settled a pair of extra-inning games. After his two-run double in the 11th defeated California 4–2, Rice's homer ignited a four-run last of the ninth against Oakland. Glenn Hoffman concluded that rally with a two-run triple, and Rice won the game 7–6 with another homer in the 10th. The bullpen excelled. Bill Campbell won twice and gave up only one run in seven innings. Bob Stanley, who yielded one hit in 4⅓ innings, got a win and two saves, and Tom Burgmeier allowed one run in 4⅓ innings while picking up a win and his 19th.

continued



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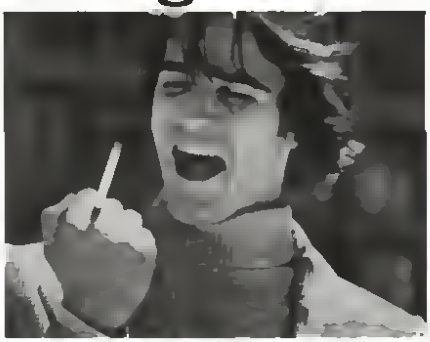
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save. But Fred Lynn was lost for at least 10 days because of a broken right big toe, and Yaz, who hit three homers, partially fractured a rib when he crashed into the leftfield wall while making a spectacular catch.

Centerfielder Ruppert Jones of the Yankees (4–2) was also injured when he crashed into a fence in Oakland, but his prognosis was much worse: a severe concussion and separated shoulder probably will keep him out the rest of the year. Lou Piniella's .500 batting and five doubles put some much-needed oomph into the attack.

Baltimore (2–4) fell 2½ games behind New York. Except for a 13–8 triumph over the Angels, in which the Orioles set one club record with 26 hits and tied another with eight doubles, the offense floated like a bee and stung like a butterfly. Except for Mike Flanagan's 3–0 win in Oakland, the pitching was shoddy. Two starters failed to last an inning, and Reliever Tim Stoddard, who hadn't given up a home run in 75⅓ innings dating back to June 1979, yielded two in the same inning.

A series of scoreless relief efforts enabled the Tigers and Indians (both 4–2) to move up to a tie for fourth. Six innings of two-hit relief by Aurelio Lopez of Detroit made him a 5–4 victor over Chicago, and Paul Underwood's three-inning stint preserved an 11–7 win over Milwaukee. Righthander Victor Cruz and lefthander Sid Monge threw zeros for Cleveland. Cruz locked up three wins with 5⅔ innings of runless ball, giving him nine saves and a 1.50 ERA since the All-Star break. Monge, who is 2-3 with six saves over that period, worked 3⅓ shutout innings and, like Cruz, preserved a victory for Dan Spillner. Len Barker's eight strikeouts during a 4–1 defeat of Minnesota left him with a league-leading 139 Ks and a 16–8 record. Miguel Dilone topped off his .423 hitting with a two-run double in the eighth that beat Chicago 6–5.

Six straight losses dropped Milwaukee (1–6) from third all the way to sixth. In one game, the Brewers stranded 18 runners, two short of the league mark. However, two homers by Cecil Cooper carried Moose Haas (15–11) past Detroit 6–4.

When Roy Howell homered in the ninth and Steve Braun added a pinch RBI single to defeat the Twins 3–2, the Blue Jays (3–4) had their 53rd victory. That's not sensational, but it equaled their 1979 total.

NY 78–50 BALT 75–52 BOS 69–56 DET 67–60
CLEV 67–60 MIL 68–64 TOR 53–75

NL EAST

Montreal, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia were bunched together at the top. The Expos (2–3), who led the Pirates by one percentage point and the Phillies by half a game, hit nary a homer. But Warren Cromartie's pinch single produced the decisive run in a 12–9 victory over the Padres, who had led 9–2 in the sixth. Steve Rogers stopped San Francisco 3–1 for his first triumph in nearly six weeks. Montreal's 5–4 and 4–3 defeats in L.A. made it nine losses in a row to the Dodgers, six by one run. Nevertheless, the Expos moved into first at the end of a three-day stretch during which they didn't score, they had a 1–0 loss to the Giants between two days off. A six-game losing streak by the Pirates (1–6) made it possible for the Expos to go ahead. Only a five-hit, 5–2 victory in Cincinnati by John Candelaria averted an all-losing week. Last season the Pirates had a knack for winning late, but this year they have been outscored 161–117 in the final three innings.

Tug McGraw of the Phillies (4–3) atoned for a costly gaffe against the Dodgers—he allowed a hit while attempting an intentional walk—with his 14th and 15th saves. McGraw sealed a 4–3 triumph over Los Angeles with a runless ninth that made Steve Carlton the league's first 20-game winner. Two days later, McGraw gave up just one hit in 2⅔ innings to clinch a 3–2 decision in San Diego. Doubles are Pete Rose's specialty, and three of them gave him 36, tops in the league.

It took a seven-run sixth for the Mets (1–4) to salvage their lone win, 9–5 over the Giants. Dane Iorg and Ken Oberkfell provided unexpectedly hard hitting for the Cardinals (4–3), both batting .500. The seldom-used Iorg also had nine RBIs, seven as Atlanta went down 11–2. Additional surprises came from John Martin and Don Hood. Martin made his big-league debut with seven innings of one-run relief to become a 10–2 winner over Houston. Hood doubled his victory total by stopping the Astros 3–1 and the Braves 5–3. But the most unexpected event was Red Schoendienst taking over as the Cardinals' interim manager for Whitey Herzog, who had a 38–35 record before becoming general manager.

Rick Reuschel of the Cubs (1–5) says he can't stand the August heat, but the truth is that opposing hitters can't stand him. A 4–2 win over Cincinnati left Reuschel 5–0, with a 2.11 ERA for the month. In the three previous Augusts the big righthander was also hot stuff, going 4–2, 4–2 and 7–0.

MONT 69–59 PITT 70–60 PHIL 68–59
NY 59–69 ST.L 57–70 CHI 50–77

NL WEST

First-place Houston (5–2) continued to prove that little things mean a lot. Like making only four errors all week. Like yielding a mere 2.3 walks per game. Three wins in Chicago extended Houston's string of victories over the Cubs to 13. Two of those decisions went to low-profile pitchers: Vern Ruhle, who threw a five-hitter to win 2–0, and Joaquin Andujar, who won 4–1 after Joe Sambito went the final three innings for his 13th save. Nolan Ryan's two-hitter beat Chicago 3–1. Cesar Cedeno hit Houston's first grand slam in three years, to help defeat St. Louis 7–2.

"I'm getting back the feel," said George Foster after homering twice, getting seven hits and driving across nine runs as Cincinnati (4–2) took three games in Pittsburgh. Six of Foster's RBIs came as the Reds fought back from a 5–0 deficit to an 8–7 triumph over the Pirates. Paul Moskau blanked Pittsburgh 4–0 and Tom Seaver slapped a two-run double as he held off the Bucs 5–3.

Joe Ferguson of the Dodgers (5–1) turned what was supposed to be an intentional walk into a two-run single when the Phillies' McGraw got a pitch too close to the plate. Ferguson's hit finished off an 8–4 win for Los Angeles. Dusty Baker and Rick Monday also came through, setting up Burt Hooton's 3–2 win in New York with homers. Amid the roses, however, were thorns that may impair the Dodgers' stretch drive. Reggie Smith is out for the season after surgery on his right shoulder. Pedro Guerrero went on the disabled list with a partially torn ligament in his left knee. Don Sutton has a fractured big toe. And Steve Yeager was out with a bone chip in the middle finger of his right hand.

The bad news for San Diego (3–3) was that a damaged nerve in Randy Jones' pitching shoulder, which jeopardizes his career, is inoperable. Rollie Fingers and Gene Tenace said they were fed up with Jerry Coleman's managerial boo-boos and asked to be traded. "Maybe if some of my players get mad enough at me they'll start playing better," Coleman said. Mad or not, Jerry Mumphrey hit .429 and Luis Salazar .400. After John Curtis downed Philadelphia 5–1 on a four-hitter in the nightcap of a doubleheader, he explained his success by saying, "Hitters usually go for the first pitch in the second game. I was getting the first pitch over with something on it."

"The days are gone when a team looks forward to the Braves coming to town," said Dave Parker of the Pirates, after Pittsburgh lost three straight to Atlanta (5–2). The Braves' once-mediocre bullpen gained new respect as Preston Hanna, Larry Bradford, Gene Garber, Al Hrabosky and Rick Camp all either won or saved games. On offense, Bruce Benedict had four hits and three RBIs during a 10–5 romp over St. Louis. Dale Murphy's four RBIs stopped Pittsburgh 8–6. Gary Matthews' fourth hit and second homer of the night led to a 4–2 defeat of the Bucs. And Bob Horner's 28th homer and five RBIs knocked off the Pirates 7–4.

HOUS 74–55 LA 71–57 CIN 70–59
SF 64–64 ATL 64–65 SD 54–76

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DICK RUTHVEN: While beating the Giants 7–1 and the Padres 6–1, the Phillie righthander improved his record to 13–8. He issued only one base on balls and helped himself with a single, double, triple and three RBIs.

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by Jule Campbell

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENRICO FERORELLI

The rise of the lowly sweat suit

The nation's warmup junkies can now stock up on apparel ranging from jump suits through vests and parkas, turtlenecks and dresses, skirts and button-down shirts, all in cozy old sweat suiting. It may seem an improbable gift to fashion, but nowadays people wear warmups everywhere, and they're made of everything from the old gray cotton to shocking-pink satin. Fashion is returning the favor, frosting sweat suits with lacy collars and appliqué and inspiring athletes to mix an assortment of items, as these pictures, taken during the Olympic Trials in Eugene, Ore., attest.





① *After practice, hurdler Debbie Melrose sports shorts and top from Newport ($35), sprinter Patricia Jackson a soccer-inspired outfit from USA ($45).*

② *Tom Hintnaus, the national pole-vault champion, comes down soft on the side of AMF Head's reflective warmup, Scotchlited for night work ($119)*

③ *Looking like a sure winner, spectator Irena Ferris takes four in her pointelle undershirt and pair of short warmups, both from Ruth Robbins ($45)*

④ *Lavender and wildflowers suit 1,500-meter champion Mary Decker, and so does the cut of her suit, 50% cotton, 50% acrylic. Ruth Robbins ($60)*

⑤ *With top world hurdler Edwin Moses, Oregon track athletes get ready to get set in Lynvention's long and short appliquéd suits ($52 and $44)*

⑥ *Oregon half miler Essie Kelly (with world-class quarter-miler Willie Smith) in sweat-shirt dress by Monika Tilley for Elon Sport ($60)*

⑦ *Former Oregon Wide Receiver Don Coleman and wife, Levernis, both have it soft in Ultra Sport's velour "sweats" (his $104, hers $112).*




OREGON





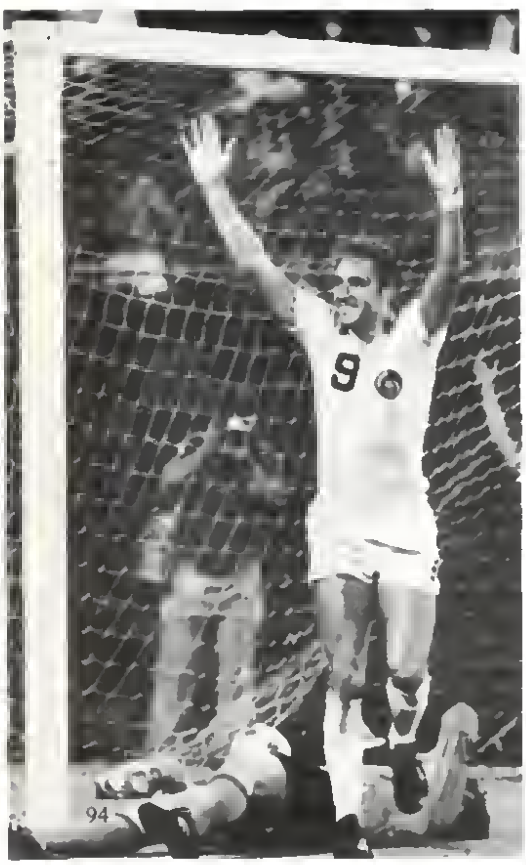


by Clive Gammon

What a night for Giorgio!

The Cosmos' nonpareil scorer wrecked Tulsa with an NASL-record seven goals

Late Sunday night, in the Cosmos locker room at Giants Stadium, while the people upstairs were still trying to figure out exactly how many North American Soccer League records he had just shattered, Giorgio Chinaglia, ankle-deep in champagne bottles, wanted to know only one thing. "Any result in from Dallas yet?" he asked plaintively. "I started to worry about it already."



Chinaglia exults over despairing Tulsa Goalie Gene DuChateau after record-breaking goal No. 6

For at least an hour and a half there could be no news of whether Minnesota or Dallas would be the Cosmos' opponent in the second round of the NASL playoffs. The two teams were still fighting it out in Texas. But it was clear to everybody except Giorgio that whichever made it, a whole bundle of worrying would fall to its lot. Worrying about Giorgio.

He had just run off the field shirtless (having handed his to the hapless Tulsa Roughnecks defender who had spent a desperate second half trying to control him), but clutching the ball which he had sent no fewer than seven times into the Tulsa net in an 8–1 Cosmos victory so comprehensively crushing that, for everyone except Giorgio, it made the news from Texas of academic interest only.

Gorgeous George is the target man of the Cosmos, in both senses. "After the third goal," he said, "did you hear them *clapping* me?" The ritual booing of Giorgio as he runs out, always the last of his team, onto the Meadowlands AstroTurf at the start of a game has had something of a cruel edge to it. Even his scoring feats—he holds the career scoring record for the league—have been poor-mouthed often enough. A snapper-up of cheap goals, he's been labeled. Garbage-goal George, finishing off the efforts of players with greater skill and less egotism. An oldtime center-forward, the kind that died out about 1940, a dinosauric figure out of place in modern soccer. Only, somehow, it all happens to work. And never so magnificently as on Sunday night.

In the end, it turned out, he had broken as many playoff records as he had scored goals. Goals in a single playoff game, for a start, and there was a special zest in that. The old record stood at five, by Alan Willey of the Minnesota Kicks, who scored them against—who else?—the Cosmos, in their worst-ever drubbing, on Aug. 14, 1978. The score: 9–2. (Incidentally, Chinaglia's seven goals also broke the regular-season game record of five, held by many players.)

The next record was for the most goals in a half—five, surpassing that same Alan Willey's four. No. 3: the most points in a playoff game—15, two for each of his goals and an extra point for an assist. Strike out the old record of 10—by Alan Willey. No. 4: most points in one half, 10. (Stand aside, Alan, with your eight.) Fifth, the shortest time to score two goals—four minutes, 48 seconds. (Sorry, Alan, your old 5:37 won't do anymore.) And, finally, Giorgio extended two records that he already held anyway: Career goals in playoffs, from 22 to 29, and career playoff points, from 46 to 65.

All of which sounds somewhat indigestible, but on Sunday night at Giants Stadium it went down as sweet and smooth as fresh milk. Not that anyone besides Giorgio had any serious thoughts, after the Cosmos' 3–1 win at Tulsa on Thursday night in the first game of their home-and-home series, that the Roughnecks would turn out to be a threat on the Cosmos' own field.

After practice on Saturday morning, Chinaglia finished off his shave with a judicious dab of cologne and a quick check of each profile. He was wearing his blue, black and white bathrobe. (Not for Giorgio the wet towel twisted round the waist, which is locker room garb for lesser men.) After anointing himself, he said, "We must not underestimate the Roughnecks."

Giorgio didn't actually start making history until 21 minutes had gone by in a scoreless game. At that point, Wim Rijsbergen, whose mop of tow-colored hair had been bobbing up in constant raids from his own penalty area, started a movement that progressed to a Chinaglia pass to Vladislav Bogicevic, then a return, and then one of those simple little goals, tapped in right-footed from close range, that by their very simplicity earn Giorgio his garbage-goal reputation. It was no screaming, long-range shot, certainly. It was the culmination of intelligent positioning.

All right, so mark one up for Giorgio, a not unusual occurrence. Less than

continued

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five minutes later Carlos Alberto broke through and fired in a shot that Tulsa's goalie, Gene DuChateau, could only push out feebly. Bogicevic moved fast onto the rebound, but Tulsa's David Robb was there to take his feet from under him, Bogicevic was sprawling and it was a clear penalty kick, an unimpeded shot from 12 yards out with the goalie unable to move until the ball had been struck.

Up steps Giorgio, and the ball is in the net. Two goals for Giorgio. Not bad. There is a flutter of interest. But there is a long time to go in the game yet, and Chinaglia looks hungry, hungry. He is even running back to forage for the ball himself.

But then there is neat little Billy Caskey from Northern Ireland making it 2–1 with a header from nowhere and, for 10 minutes anyway, Tulsa looks to be back in the game. Then Franz Beckenbauer spoils the symmetry of the evening by making it 3–1—with assists from Chinaglia and Bogicevic.

When the Cosmos' new winger from Belgium, Francois Van der Elst, is brought down heavily in the penalty box by Defender Barry Wallace, there is another penalty kick for Giorgio, another wrong-way dive by DuChateau. Four for the Cosmos, three for Giorgio. A hat trick. Nice, but not that uncommon.

Wait though. Five minutes later, Bogicevic takes a corner, the ball comes to Van der Elst, he chips it to Chinaglia, and that's four for the target man. It is misery for Tulsa now as Caskey, its most effective player, goes off with a charley horse.

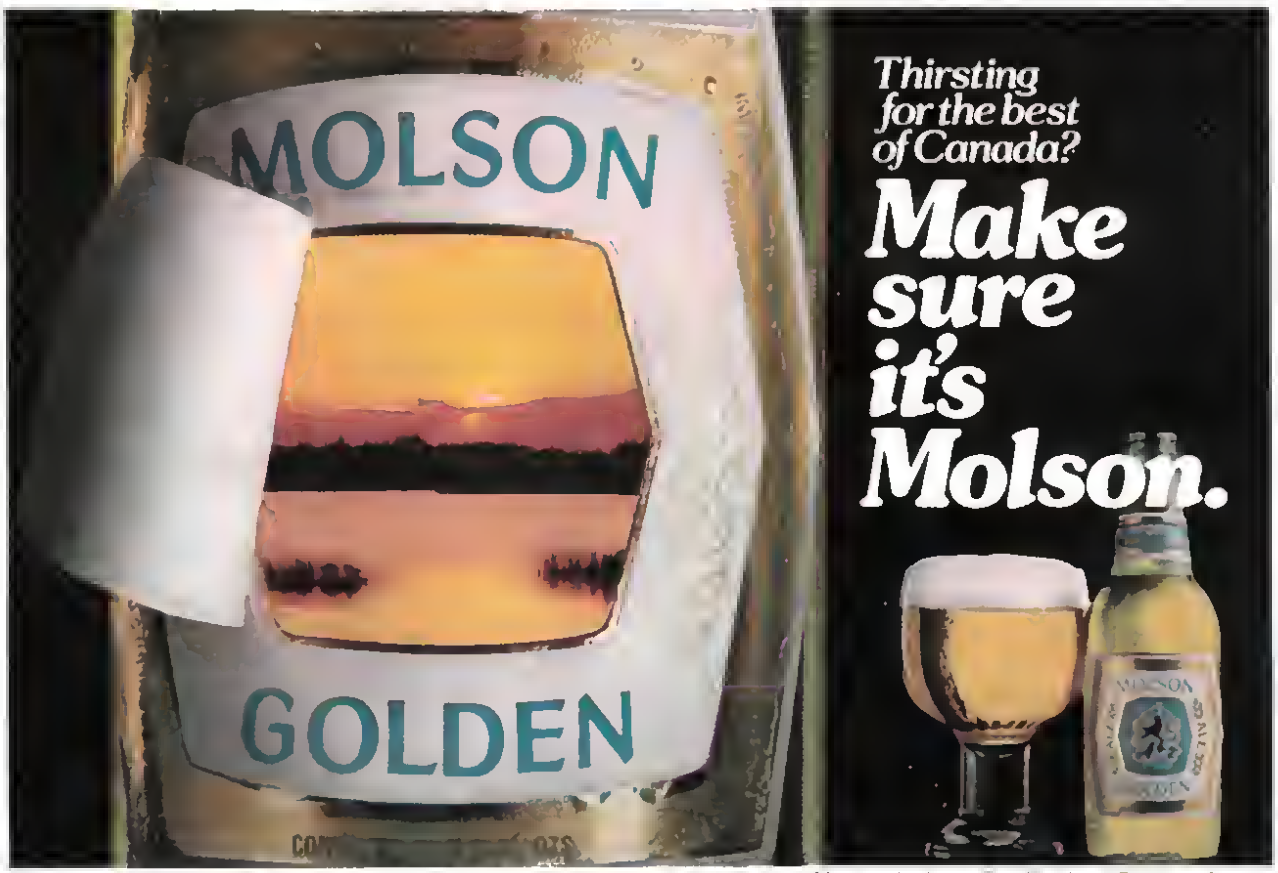
With 15 minutes to go, there is a sweet solo run by Van der Elst, who gets it to Giorgio, who gets it into the net and who has now what the professionals call a nap hand. A nap hand is very remarkable. The record books are checked, and there is Willey's five. Eleven minutes left, and there is a huge groan as Giorgio puts one just a foot outside the far post, but the disappointment is scarcely over when Van der Elst is through again, centering the ball, and Giorgio is diving, stretched out at full length, to head the ball home for the record-breaking No. 6. "I thought I'd break my nose, not the record," he said later.

A minute and odd seconds left. Yet again Van der Elst is breaking through, and, scarcely credibly, Giorgio is hammering home No. 7, right under DuChateau's body. Chinaglia joins the immortals and the Cosmos lead 8–1, and that's how it is at the final whistle.

As the champagne flows in the Cosmos' locker room, just down the corridor young DuChateau sits with his head in his hands. "You try your best all the season," he says, "and it comes to this. Awesome, awesome."

"I never thought they'd just leave me one-on-one," Chinaglia says. "It is very dangerous to leave me one-on-one."

Much, much later, the news that Giorgio has awaited comes in. It would be Dallas. Something for Giorgio to worry about, but then they were hardly dancing in the streets in Dallas, either. END



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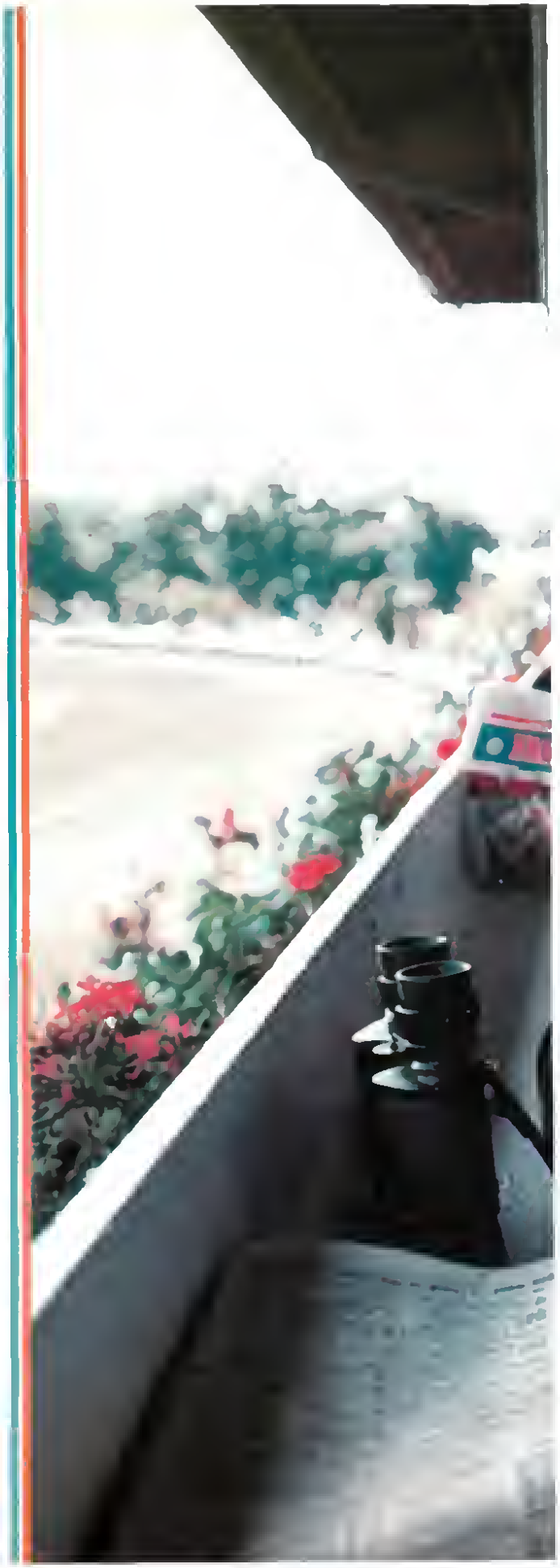
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Mrs. Synodinos had lofty ambitions for little Dimitrios. He would play the violin and be a priest or a lawyer. Instead, he became Jimmy The Greek, Oddsmaker to the Nation

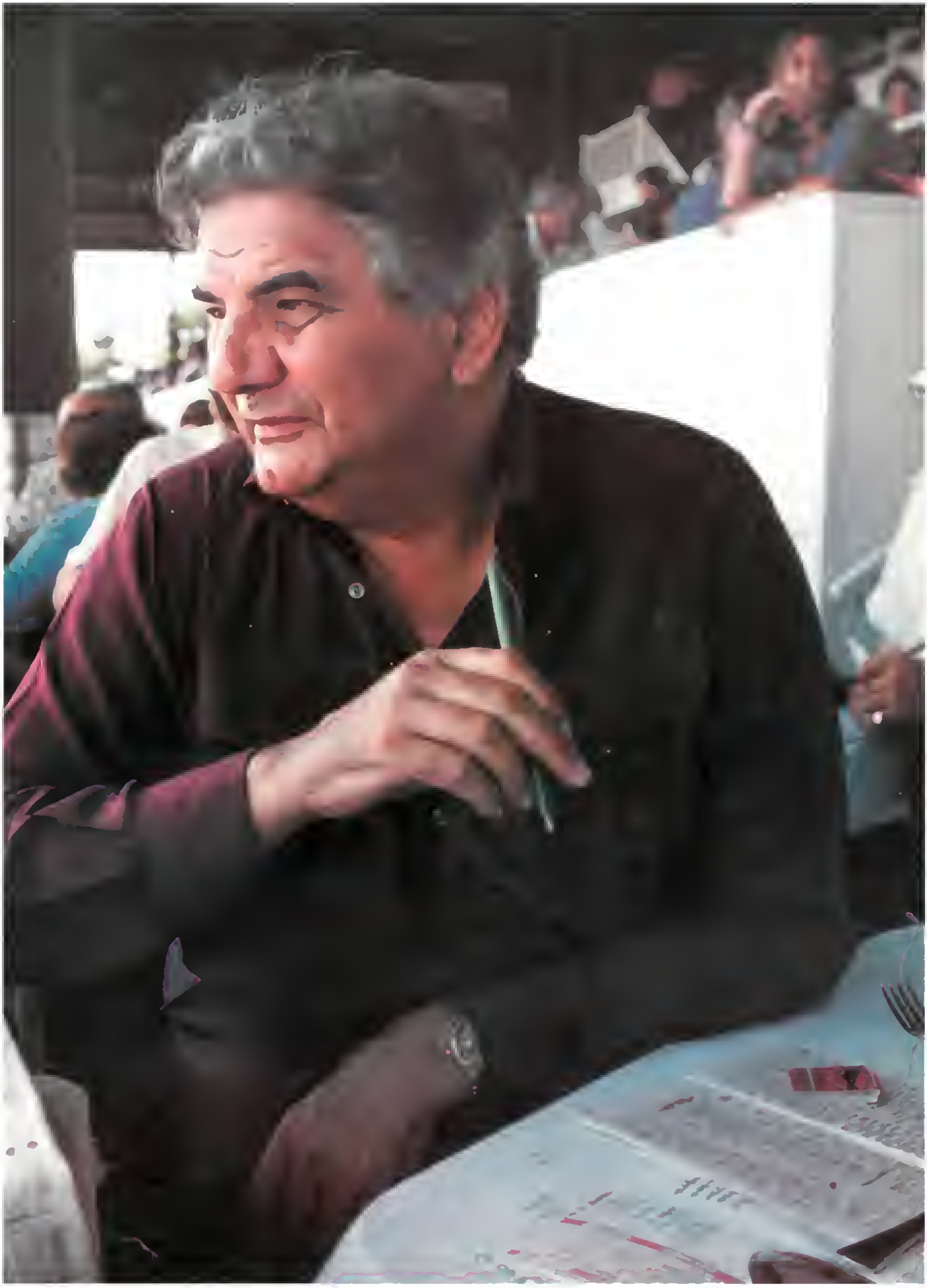
by **FRANK DEFORD**

'HEY, GREEK, WHO DO YOU LIKE?'



His binoculars handy and with a white tablecloth to jot his bets on, The Greek feels right at home at Saratoga

CONTINUED



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART



The odds are that the makeup man will not turn Jimmy into another pretty face for his CBS-TV show

When Jimmy The Greek came to prominence more than 20 years ago, he would give you a line on anything, and he would tell droll tales about growing up a gambler in a wide-open town—"I was 25 before I knew it was illegal to bet." But of himself, of how this character was formed, The Greek was very guarded. He would deflect inquiries by saying things like, "That's the past. That's history. It's over now. What's the use of discussing it?" He was just a businessman whose field was wagering, just a family man. "Don't put a cigar in my mouth." Don't stereotype me. But, of course, everyone did. *The Greek. Vegas.* "Who's your father got a contract out on now?" the other kids would ask his children at school.

The Greek is, however, a man you should study first through his hands. Jimmy is heavy now, much too overweight, but his hands—and his feet—are not soft, not fleshy. They remain fine, nearly dainty; it is almost as if they belonged to someone else, which, in a way, they did. They were meant for a violin player long ago. But what's the use of discussing that? That's past. There have been tragedies in The Greek's life, odds—yes—against himself and his family that he refused to accept. That made it difficult if you were an oddsmaker. So he let them put a cigar in his mouth, he dressed himself in a gold chain and the royal we and became a generic character.

Now he is 61, in the autumn of his life, and in a sense, autumn 1980 will be the apogee of all his life, too. Pro football has always been The Greek's prime sport and politics has become his favorite game. And this is the fall of a presidential election year, with The Greek a national television celebrity of the first water. This is the brightest moment. Other times were more fun, perhaps, more spectacular; but the trail is done winding. There is more comfort and respectability to The Greek's life now than there has been since the day he gave up the violin. "The reason he acts like such a kid," says his daughter, Stephanie, 21, "is that Daddy never had a childhood himself."

He lives now not in some Vegas condominium, as everyone imagines, but in the Piedmont, tucked deep away in the woods of Carolina, in a perfectly appointed mansion, the epitome of good taste. Everything in every room fits: the paneling, the great windows, the cathedral ceiling, the furniture, the many Steuben glass objects, the paintings. "Look at that," Jimmy says, pointing to a storage area, "$30,000 worth of paintings we can't even put up."

His wife, Joan, decorated the house, but Jimmy was the one who found it; he moved his family there last year. "The first time I looked at it I came out on the deck, and it all seemed so familiar, all these trees, the crick down below," he says. "And then I knew why: it was like the time I won a big bet and bought my father and stepmother a house back in Steubenville. I thought when I came here I was only escaping from the cement jungle, but it was really going back to Steubenville." There, in Ohio, was where he spent the childhood he didn't have.

The new house is huge. And Jimmy gives Joan and his family everything they want. In fact, he often gives them more than they want, perhaps trying somehow to compensate for the one thing he cannot give his eldest son, Jamie. Stephanie

shakes her head ruefully. "I don't care about a mink coat or the $6,000, whatever it is, to fix up my room," she says. "Daddy doesn't have to spend money on me like that. I'm not ungrateful I just get so tired of hearing about money in this house."

Greek, are you happy? "Well, I have to travel too much and be away from home, but I know my family has everything they want. They have everything."



At Saratoga, The Greek rubs elbows with trainer Laz Barrera (left) and N.Y. Governor Hugh Carey

Nowadays, Jimmy gets very mad if anybody refers to him as a gambler. He only gambles recreationally now, although his idea of betting just for fun is somewhat more than penny ante around the family-room gin-rummy table. But no longer does he gamble for a living. "When nobody gambled, we did," he declares. "Now everybody gambles, and we don't."

The *we* is Jimmy. He talks a great deal in the first-person plural and frequently in the second-person singular. "Sometimes you can be proud that we've done as much as anyone to get rid of the image that gamblers are second-class citizens," he says. "Why, the biggest gambling today is done at the country clubs. That's where our numbers are used the most."

For Stephanie, Jimmy, Joan and Anthony, home is not Vegas but a leafy purlieu near Durham, N.C.



The Greek, Mr. Snyder, wants honor, the esteem that comes with success and age and money. Within his own world, where he is at ease, he is awarded this respect, too. He is in the dining room at Belmont. A gambler at another table calls to him.

Gambler: Jim, Jim, can I buy you a drink?

The Greek: No thanks.

Gambler: Can I buy your friends a drink?

The Greek: No thanks, we're O.K.

Gambler: Please, Jim, let me.

The Greek: No, no, we're looking at the race now.

Second Gambler: Hey, leave The Greek alone.

Gambler: I have to ask him.

Now it is a different place. The Greek is invited to speak before an alumni seminar at Duke University, near his house. He passes up a $4,500 speaking engagement in Green Bay to appear free at Duke. "What can I do in sports anymore?" he asks. "I want to make my mark in politics. Compared to politics, the Super Bowl is a deuce in a pinochle game."

James Barber, a professor of political science at Duke who will chair the seminar, has invited The Greek, and Jimmy knows full well that Barber is one of the foremost presidential scholars in the country. The Greek can tell you as much

continued

JIMMY THE GREEK

continued

about James Barber in the first-person singular as he can about the San Diego Chargers in the first-person plural. But The Greek is very nervous. He can stand up with ease before a television camera every Sunday and tell millions of people all about depth and momentum, but to appear on the same bill with James Barber before several hundred Duke graduates. . . . The Greek is not very nervous, he is extremely nervous. It was not long after he put down the violin that he gave up education altogether and started running the Big Six wheel at Money O'Brien's Academy Pool Room in Steubenville. "Jim still feels embarrassed around people with a great deal of formal education," Joan says.

Greek is so worked up, he wakes up in a rotten mood. He snaps at everybody in the family. It's a plot: Who took his gold chain and hid it? In the breakfast nook he rips into the poor fruit. "I'm crazy," he moans. "I could be in Green Bay, Wisconsin making $4,500." Not only that, he is going to Cleveland the next day to address the Jaycees' national convention for the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation. Another freebie. "I'm giving this whole weekend away," The Greek whines. Joan and Stephanie take turns trying to bolster Jimmy's spirits.

But The Greek groans all the way to the campus. Joan is driving the Cadillac. The Greek hasn't bothered to get a driver's license since he moved to North Carolina. That way, everyone has to cart him around at home, just as they do on the road. The Greek believes in limousines as the last refuge of the gentleman. He snaps at Joan when she makes a wrong turn. The Greek knows the area well because he first came to Durham, to Duke, for the famous rice diet. In fact, he came back and took the rice diet several times. The Greek points out where he used to cheat by taking a shortcut when the dieters were sent out on a walk for exercise. This is one of the reasons why he kept repeating the rice diet. Another: "He eats all day and blames it on us," Joan says. It is the same as everybody misplacing his gold chain.

Joan drives up to the lecture hall. "Oh, no," The Greek cries. "Look at all those brainos."

"Just stress your 10th-grade education, Daddy," Stephanie says. "They'll love you."

"I could be making $4,500 in Green Bay, Wisconsin," The Greek says, squeezing out of the Cadillac.

Inside, he meets with Barber and takes his seat, eyeing all the graduates. Now it is his turn to speak. He stands, and right away makes a self-deprecating joke about "being a little Greek boy from Steubenville, Ohio with a 10th-grade education." The crowd laughs with him. Stephanie smiles. The Greek has them. So he tells them how much his house cost. Stephanie frowns. Then he settles in and starts talking politics—about betting on Harry Truman, about telling Governor Jimmy Carter that he was a 100-to-1 shot, about the upcoming election. He makes Reagan a big favorite. He says Reagan would like to pick Laxalt as his Vice-President but will probably settle on Bush. This is six weeks before the convention; it is as if The Greek has a crystal ball.

The brainos listen attentively. The Greek is knowledgeable and entertaining, and in the question period that follows he gets most of the questions. Professor Barber concludes with a summary and thanks the panelists. Afterward, The Greek is like a little boy. "Did you hear?" he says. "Barber mentioned my name three times. Three times! He really meant what he said. Did you see the way he shook my hand?"

The Greek was in a terrific humor the rest of the day. The wire services picked up his odds on the election. "Did you ever see anybody make so many front pages without dying?" The Greek asked. It was the Snyders' 28th anniversary, and before dinner the family had caviar and Dom Perignon. Jimmy said the caviar cost $16 an ounce.

Then for a moment he grew pensive. Something was on his mind. "You know," he said, "a few months ago Joan read that Professor Barber was giving a speech. I went over to Duke to hear it, and afterward I went up to him and said we'd like to audit his course." The Greek shook his head, this had been on his mind. "He thought we were just saying that. He didn't think we were serious." That had hurt him.

The Greek is serious. His mother wanted him to be a Greek Orthodox priest. She knew her only son was very smart; he was always a quick study. Once Jimmy had lunch with Arnold Palmer and they were talking about the wind, the grass, the most arcane elements of the sport. "Come on," Palmer said to Jimmy. "Let's play nine."

"Are you kidding?" The Greek said. "I've never hit a golf ball in my life." Palmer refused to believe Jimmy.

continued



As long as there's a telephone and some paper within reach, Jimmy has no need for a formal office

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JIMMY THE GREEK

continued

When Jimmy's mother realized that the priesthood was out of the question, she put him into violin lessons and, hedging her bet, also began pointing the boy toward law. "I'm sure I would have been a great attorney," The Greek says. Right up until the day he quit school to go into the gambling business, he was at the top of his class.

His father ran a grocery store. One day when Jimmy Snyder—Dimitrios George Synodinos—was nine, he started walking the five blocks home from the market with his mother, his two little sisters and his aunt, who was staying with them because she had recently left her husband, the war hero They had walked about a block and a half when Jimmy said, "Mom, I feel like playing some more back at the market." At first, like any mother, she said no, it was almost dinnertime, but then she shrugged and said he could go back

"It's 1,000-to-1 any mother lets the kid go back, right?" The Greek says.

He was playing ball on the side wall of the shop when Brookside, the neighborhood cop, came in and spoke quietly to his father "Come on," he said to his son, and they walked over to the police station in silence. Jimmy saw his mother's red pocketbook lying on the desk there "She's dead, isn't she?" the boy said

The aunt's estranged husband had gone berserk and shot her and Jimmy's mother with a Luger he had saved from the war. Then he shot and killed himself. He would have shot anybody who happened to be with his wife, even a nine-year-old. "I'd've been dead if my mother hadn't let me go back to the store," The Greek says.

So much for the violin. "I'll tell you one thing," Jimmy says. "If my mother hadn't been shot that day, there never would have been a Jimmy The Greek Mother would have made me stay in school, and after that everything would've been different. I probably would've become an attorney." He stops and looks away, then turns back. "But, whatever, I would've been a success. I wouldn't have become Jimmy The Greek, but I would've been a success."

Such is the stature of the Oddsmaker to the Nation that if you follow him around, you will discover what is on America's mind merely from what he is asked. "Jimmy, what d'ya think about ?" "Who do you like in ?" "Hey, what's the price on ?" The Greek doesn't have to take a poll: he is his own walking sample precinct.

Besides, odds are like anything else today, they need a personality to certify them. To state, for example, that the odds on Sue Ellen shooting J.R. are 5-to-2 is a so-what To state that Jimmy The Greek says they are 5-to-2 is a validation. O.K., I'll betcha.

Odds Times have really changed, says The Greek. When he first started as a gambler in the 1930s, very few Americans understood how odds worked. The Greek likes to think he educated America in odds. He also claims he was more or less the co-inventor of the point spread and to have been primarily responsible for its popularity. He dreamed up the teaser and the over-and-under one slow day in the 1950s shortly after he had decided to settle in Vegas—abhorring a vacuum as he did Until The Greek moved to Nevada there hadn't been a single reliable sports book in the land since Senator Kefauver closed down the old "Minneapolis line."

But gambling in Nevada was legal and had been since 1931. In the early days most of the casinos were stocked with Steubenville boys who knew how to deal for the house, off the bottom. Otherwise, essentially the only lawful gambling in the U.S. was horse-race pari-mutuels in a handful of states Hidden away in every large community, though, were plush roadhouses where the cops were paid off and the swells came out from town to play games of chance

After the war, however, the roadhouses began to go the way of minor league baseball, and for many of the same demographic reasons. Soon, with jets, the high rollers could whip off to the Bahamas or Vegas "People forget," Jimmy points out, "but right into the mid-'50s Vegas was a sleepy little town full of cheaters." Because horse racing was already a fixture—legalized and taxed—it kept on growing, but artificially, as the horse's role declined in our culture Meanwhile, television was making everybody an instant expert in other sports

Horses (and, in a few states, dogs) remain legal, but it might as well be muskrats or mice running around. It's all just a lottery, the old roadhouse wheel "Which two do you like?" The Greek asks in a helpless whine before an exacta race at Belmont. His friend, a wise old horseplayer, replies, shaking his head, "Two? Are you kidding, Jim? I got enough trouble finding one."

The Greek slams the *Daily Racing Form* down. "Isn't that the truth? I hate



THE FALL LINE

Ronald Reagan vs. Jimmy Carter	5–2 Reagan
John Anderson's presidential chances	25–1 against
George Brett hitting .400	5–2 against
Passage of the ERA	5–1 against
Larry Holmes vs. Muhammad Ali	11–5 Holmes
The Dow Jones hitting 1,000 in '80	5–2 if Reagan
Pitt finishing No. 1 in college football	3–1 against
The Yankees vs. the Orioles in AL East	Yankees 1–3
Jack Kemp ever becoming President	12–1 against
Ted Kennedy becoming President in '84	5–1 against
The U.S. retaining the America's Cup	U.S. 4–1
Favorite in the NFC East	Dallas 8–5
Favorite in the NFC Central	Chicago 7–5
Favorite in the NFC West	L.A. 1–4
Favorite in the AFC East	Jets 2½–1
Favorite in the AFC Central	Pittsburgh 4–5
Favorite in the AFC West	San Diego 2½–1
Pittsburgh repeating in the Super Bowl	7–2
Oakland switching permanently to L.A.	3–1 yes

—Issued Aug. 31, 1980

continued

JIMMY THE GREEK

continued



Little Dimitrios worked in his father's grocery. later The Greek's gambling money bought a freezer

these exactas. It ain't horse racing. Why do they put 'em in here? I hate 'em."

"You don't *have* to play 'em," says the horseplayer. "It ain't no law."

"If they put 'em in here, how can I help it?" The Greek wails. "They *know* that. But what am I gonna do? This ain't gambling for me. This is my amusement. Some guys drink whiskey, some guys chase broads. I just wanna go to the racetrack."

Later, The Greek wheels the 4-6 with everything in the ninth race and comes up a $1,400 winner. Contrariwise, as racing has turned into a policy game, pie-in-the-sky stuff, the real handicapping has inclined toward people sports. This, of course, is where The Greek has specialized all his professional life, since he first opened an office next to a stockbrokerage ("the other gamblers in town") and on the frosted glass had printed: B & F COMMISSIONER. The initials, mischievously, stood for baseball and football.

Gamblers like Jimmy who played sports heavily in those days hardly preyed on the public. In a sense they were members of an exclusive professional society, some speculators played soybean futures, some football games. There were few secrets. Basehall was the only genuine national sport, and as a kid The Greek got just enough of an edge in football and basketball by paying railroad porters to drop off out-of-town newspapers in Steubenville when the sleepers paused there. Then he began to specialize in one college conference, the SEC, and later, the pros. "I was more of a line-buster than a line-maker in those days," he says, but while still in his teens The Greek was intermittently putting out a sports line.

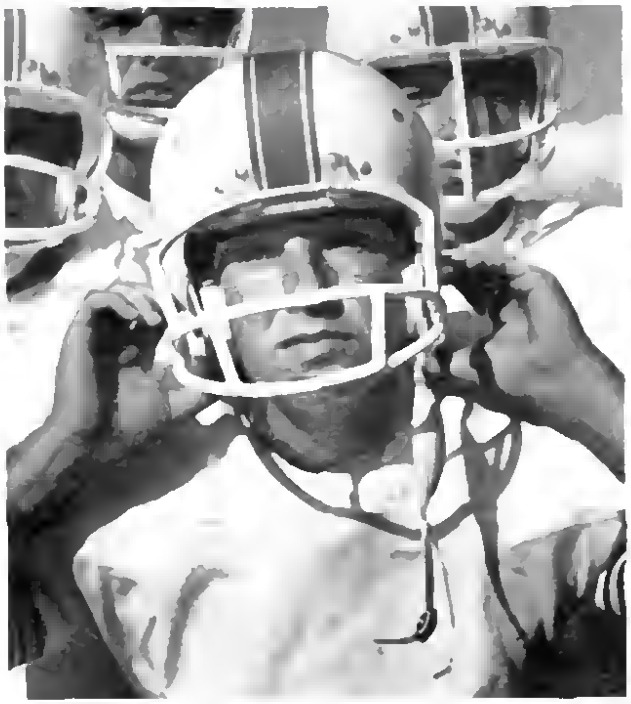
Jimmy personally makes a line on all NFL games, while his staff in Las Vegas puts out odds on baschall and spreads on basketball and college football. Making a line for the great unwashed public is an altogether different proposition from making a bet. The oddsmaker is merely attempting to assess the public taste, no less, say, than a department-store buyer who tries to figure out whether to purchase dresses or jeans. The buyer may prefer frilly gowns for herself even though she orders jeans for the store. In the Super Bowl last year The Greek picked the Rams to win, but his line had the Steelers by 10. It was a good line, too; it barely moved. The final score is immaterial to the issue. The Greek made a correct *line* in '68 when he had the Colts 17 over the Jets in that Super Bowl, because the public bet the spread as he tabbed it.

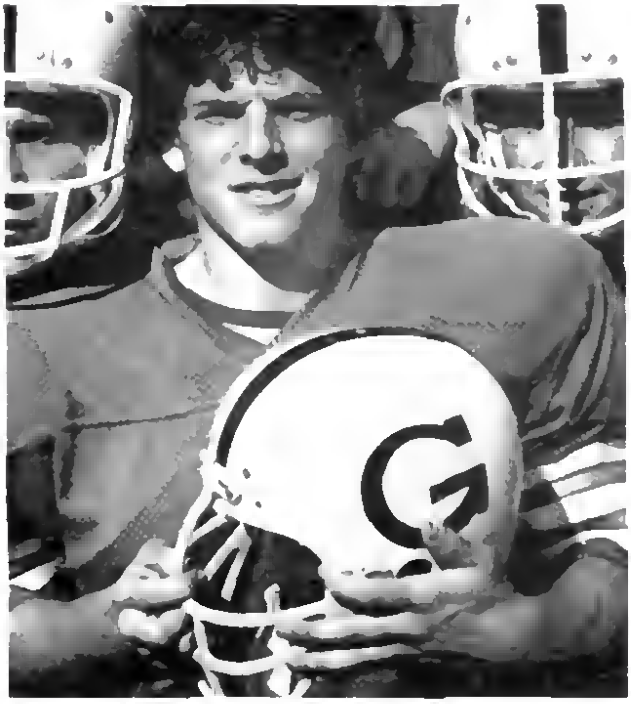
On his own authority, The Greek can be as fallible as the next fellow. In fact, envious critics in Vegas will tell you that as a gambler The Greek is one great P.R. man. The Rams—his pick—not only did not win the Super Bowl, but they also didn't even cover the spread. The Greek declared that it was "impossible" for Cassius Clay to last six rounds with Sonny Liston. He predicted that Vice-President Richard Nixon would defeat young Senator John F. Kennedy to become President of the United States.

Notwithstanding that blunder, The Greek has probably done better at politics than sports. And, after all, setting a line on a major sports event is equivalent to rating an election, because in either case the public is the determining factor. The man who can tell how *popular* the Steelers' chances are across the land—which is what a line does—is perfectly prepared to tell how popular Ronald Reagan is. National sports and national politics are both heavily influenced by TV. The difference is that in sports, the electorate votes with a bet, and then the game is played by both teams to determine who wins. In politics, the electorate bets four years with a vote, and that concludes the game—except that then the winner must go out and play the four years against himself.

The Greek won his first large, famous bet on the 1940 election, when he caught the best possible odds on Roosevelt right after "the guy with the eyebrows" that would be the labor leader John L. Lewis—declared for Willkie. "After that, all of a sudden The Greek's name became famous to gamblers the country over," Jimmy says. Then in 1948, after his sister pleaded with him not to grow a mustache, advising Jimmy that women didn't care for them, he polled 1,900 women throughout Ohio and decided that the mustachioed Dewey, listed as a 4-to-17 favorite, was actually no better than even money. Truman was the overlay of the century; The Greek took the sleeper to New York and wiped out so many smarty-pants in Gotham that Walter Winchell was moved to salute the kid from Steubenville coast to coast. By then, not yet 30, The Greek was a millionaire from betting. For a time

continued





One of these helmets came off the field and off the market when the rules of the game changed.

Not the football rules, but the rules of the legal system under which manufacturers can be sued for damages. In recent years, courts have been inclined to hold a product manufacturer or distributor liable for injuries even when the company had met safety standards or when the injured person was negligent in using the product.

As a result, judgments, settlements and legal costs in liability cases have increased dramatically. Businesses are faced with uncertainty in trying to gauge the extent of their exposure to lawsuit. When these factors outweigh the benefits of making a product, that product will leave the marketplace.

That's what happened to the manufacturer of the helmet on the right. He stopped production of helmets until, as he says, the legal climate changes in the United States. It has happened also to some makers of vaccines, plastic products and machines. Right now, the chemical and pharmaceutical industries are deeply concerned about the potential financial impact of recent court decisions.

As a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we too are concerned about this problem. Our companies provide insurance designed to protect business from financial loss resulting from a lawsuit. This protection normally encourages business to remain in the marketplace. It enables manufacturers to develop new products, to provide more jobs and generally to contribute to our economy.

But the trend in legal judgments threatens all this stability. As lawsuit settlements and awards become higher, insurance companies tend to be more cautious in writing insurance coverage. And they must charge more for it. That in turn causes manufacturers and sellers to raise their prices to cover the increased cost of insurance protection. Which means that consumers pay more for what they buy.

It's frustrating, but not hopeless. Steps can be taken to prevent injuries and to control the rise of liability costs. And that would benefit everyone.

Here's what we're doing:

- Helping to develop standards for safer products.
- Advising manufacturers on safety procedures and loss prevention programs.
- Supporting legislation to reduce the enormous legal costs of administering the product liability system.
- Supporting legislation to make the standards of legal liability more definite, more predictable and more equitable.

Here's what you can do:

- Seek quality products. Check to see that they meet safety standards where appropriate.
- Use all products as they are meant to be used. Read and follow warning labels and instructions for product usage.
- Get involved! Become aware of proposals to improve fairness in the legal liability system.

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JIMMY THE GREEK

continued

Yet for all that gambling has done for him, The Greek is suspicious of its universal charm, especially of those entrepreneurs and politicians who tout it as a bounteous cure-all. Widespread legalized gambling is a scourge upon the land, he declares. "Gambling should be made difficult for the average man. It should be something he budgets to do once or twice a year. Vegas was best when it was hardest to reach," he says.

"You see, it isn't the two or three percent, the house edge, that beats you. Otherwise, people would only lose two or three percent, and so what? It's the psychology. A guy goes to a casino. He wins $500, he's ecstatic. He goes home, buys his wife a present, springs for a night out. Fine. Now he goes back. This time he loses $500. O.K., altogether he's even. But does he quit $500 down the way he did $500 up? No. He takes another $500 out of the bank. And now he's pressing, so he blows that and borrows $500. Now he's out $1,500, and this is a guy who only makes 20 to 25 grand a year. He goes home, gets into his wife's checking account.

"This is what happens when gambling is too accessible. Everybody gets hurt but the casino. The guy can't buy the new summer suit or the new shoes for his wife. He lets the tune-up go. The stores are hurt, the restaurant, the gas station. This is the kind of stuff you'll start to see soon at Atlantic City.

"And if they legalized sports betting, the little guy would be just as dead. We'd find a way to beat you. Right now, if we—me, anybody—tried to bet more than $50,000 on any game, we'd have a hard time. And when you only got $50 riding, you can't pay enough to fix a game. Put a pencil to it. But with legalized gambling, there'd be so much money bet you could get down a million or more on one game. So now it's worth it to pay for a fix, isn't it? And that's easy. You don't need the quarterback. Just gimme the center. Gimme the referee. All I'd need is one offside at the right time. You don't even need to get a guy to throw it for you. Suppose we just pay a big star $50,000 to stay home with the flu? Nobody ever thought of that before, did they?"



The Greek was taken for a ride (for once) on a visit to Greece

Obviously, The Greek is talking against his own best interests here. The more gambling the better, surely, he would do. Already his newspaper column is in more than 200 papers with nearly 30 million readers daily at this time of year, when interest peaks, and he makes "in the five figures" for each and every Sunday he is on CBS, plus picking up "the low six figures" annually in pin money—by making speeches and commercials. He is selective with the many endorsements offered him and regularly turns down those—shady and otherwise—requesting his name as a front for some gambling emporium.

There remains, you see, a deep streak of the middle-class Midwest conscience in The Greek, and rather like the Gulf Stream, it plows through the choppier waters about it, warming everything in the vicinity. Only once did The Greek ever do anything foolishly impetuous, as gamblers—with cigars and pinky rings—are supposed to do by nature: that is, one day in Florida in 1942, when he was 23, he married a pretty girl named Sunny, whom he had just met.

This brief union produced a daughter, Victoria, now 34 and living in Las Vegas, and when the marriage failed, it was The Greek who took the baby girl. It was another decade before he married again. This was also love at first sight, but this was more like it. This was Joan.

She was everything The Greek envisioned in a wife, and she remains a lovely, quiet, almost wispy woman, very reminiscent of Billie Burke. Joan talks barely above a whisper. "We don't get excited around here," she says. The Greek spotted her on an elevator. He told his friend Herman Hickman, the Yale football coach, "I just saw the girl I'm going to marry." The Greek was chasing fashion models and show girls, getting set to bet 50 grand on the Orange Bowl; Joan was still a sheltered child, attending a little Catholic college in Indiana. But she was The Greek's ideal for home and marriage. And he was dead right, too, even if it didn't work out quite the way it had in his dreams. When Jamie and the others were so sick, Joan was a tower, she devoted herself completely to the family she had made with the man who remains simply "Jim Snyder" to her.

This fellow grows more conservative with age ("What did I tell you, Anthony?" he tells his son. "Wear a solid tie"), and despite some technical disclaimers, he has the bent of a dyed-in-the-wool Republican. The Greek is generous, a soft touch, an incurable sentimentalist and hopelessly nostalgic. "All the best guys are dead and gone," he says wistfully. "The reason I'm still around is just because I started so early. Those old days were so beautiful. So beautiful!"

The Greek says he has never kept company with other professional gamblers, and at his country-club dance he shares a table with dentists. *Dentists!* With Joan he dances a divine fox trot, and on the road he flirts with young waitresses and stewardesses as harmlessly as any small-town Presbyterian off to a Rotary regional. "Oh, why are all the pretty girls married?" Jimmy coos. He is, really, very much the loner but often frightened at the thought of dinner alone. He has nev-

continued

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er been much of a drinker, preferring sissy things like Harvey's Bristol Cream. When he first signed with CBS, Stephanie said, "Oh, oh, there it goes, Daddy. Now the whole world is going to find out how square you really are."

Stephanie also says, "His ego is really getting to him now." The dark side of The Greek is an explosive Mediterranean temper, and this has been fueled by his vanity. He can be pieayune, a difficult man to work for, and he snaps and barks when the smallest things don't go right. Of course, this is the way of any high-stakes man. Old-money people seldom blow up at small things. If you have money all your life, small things can remain forever small. But for a man like The Greek, the ups and downs have been so steep and jagged that life loses its everyday proportion.

To be sure, money is not the only gyroscope of life, but in a world where money is money, the gambler's bearings are sometimes obscured. Jimmy often talks about "gambling money" and "money" as if Uncle Sam printed two different sets of currency. One afternoon, for example, The Greek was past-posted out of $137,000 in gambling money by some pals, and he recalls this practical joke, chuckling, as if they had short-sheeted his bed. He has bet as much as a quarter of a million dollars in gambling money on one football game—and at a time when a dollar was a dollar. Even now, 32 years later, when The Greek tells the Truman-Dewey story in public, he says he made $170,000. In fact, it was a great deal more, but he has discovered that if he tells the truth, people refuse to believe him. The reason he talks about ordinary money all the time is *not* to show off about it but—more the other way round—to give credence to this money, which is not gambling money.

The Greek came back from many losses, but they were all just gambling money. The only defeat he overcame that matters to him is the one back in the '60s when it was money he lost, to the doctors and lawyers.

Perhaps the loveliest and most expensive of all the glass art objects in the Snyder house is a crystal sculpture of a Madonna and Child that Jimmy picked out in Florida. It has an honored place in the house, but, nevertheless, he got to examining it critically one day. "Stephie," he said, "we ought to put some velvet behind it and put a light on it."

"Oh, Daddy," Stephanie cried.

"But, honey, it's worth $6,000."

"Oh, Daddy, that's so tacky."

The Greek shook his head at her. They didn't understand each other at all. Stephanie was talking taste; he was talking substance.

There was even this one time when gambling money bought happiness. "There was an old gambler named Billy Griffin," The Greek begins. "Dead now. Billy was a great Cardinals fan, and they were gonna win the pennant, and I started to set him up because I wanted the Yankees in the Series. I knew Billy wanted the Cards so much he wouldn't be at his best. And I was right. I got my price on the Yanks. And Ruffing wins the first game for me. Now the odds shift heavy for the Yanks. All I had to do was take some of the Cards, and I can't lose. I got it middled. Billy was always cautioning me about that. 'You've got a long way to go, son,' he'd say. 'Learn to pinch your bet.' But I was young then. I was going all the way with the Yanks. And what do the Cards do? They sweep the next four straight. I lose $40,000. What's that now—125, 150, something like that? And I walk out of my office, the B & F, and my head is down. But I hear something and I look up, and here comes this guy down the street, pulling himself along on one of those little carts with a pulley. He doesn't have any legs.

"And I took one look at that, and I said, '*I*'m in trouble?'

"I ran home to Sunny, and she said, 'What are you smiling about?' And I said, 'Come on, we're going out to a movie,' and we went to see Abbott and Costello, and I laughed like crazy, and I thought it had been a wonderful day."

If The Greek is getting carried away by himself and all the attention he receives, at least he is brought back to an even keel at home. The Snyder household has always been Joan's place, but now that Jimmy's office is at home—his office is the closest telephone—it is Stephanie who has emerged as the majordomo. Although only 21, she is mature well beyond her age and plays a significant role in supervising the corporate and ceremonial Jimmy The Greek. Among other things, Stephanie has outstanding ears; she is so much in charge that she overhears telephone conversations in other rooms and will interrupt from afar, screaming out corrections: "No, no, Mother, the trapezius muscle." "No, Daddy, not Robert Redford. You're in the movie with Burt Reynolds."

But there is still some kid in Stephanie, and she and her sidekick, Anthony, 16, constantly tease Daddy, prick his balloon.

Joan drives the Caddy into the garage. There are large blowups there of major articles done on The Greek. "Stephie, when are we finally gonna get these articles framed?" he asks.

"Daddy, I just haven't had time."

The Greek starts, "You'd think—"

Stephanie interrupts, "I know. 'How many children have a father—' "

Anthony chimes in, and they finish in singsong unison, " '—who made the front page of *The Wall Street Journal*?' "

The Greek gets out of the car, glancing back at them helplessly with a Rodney Dangerfield aspect. He smiles. *Whatever happens, they have everything.*

They do. But Jamie, the oldest boy, 23, has cystic fibrosis; Florence, the oldest girl, is dead of it; and so is Tina, the baby. How many men bury their mother as a child, and their babies as a father? What are the odds on that?

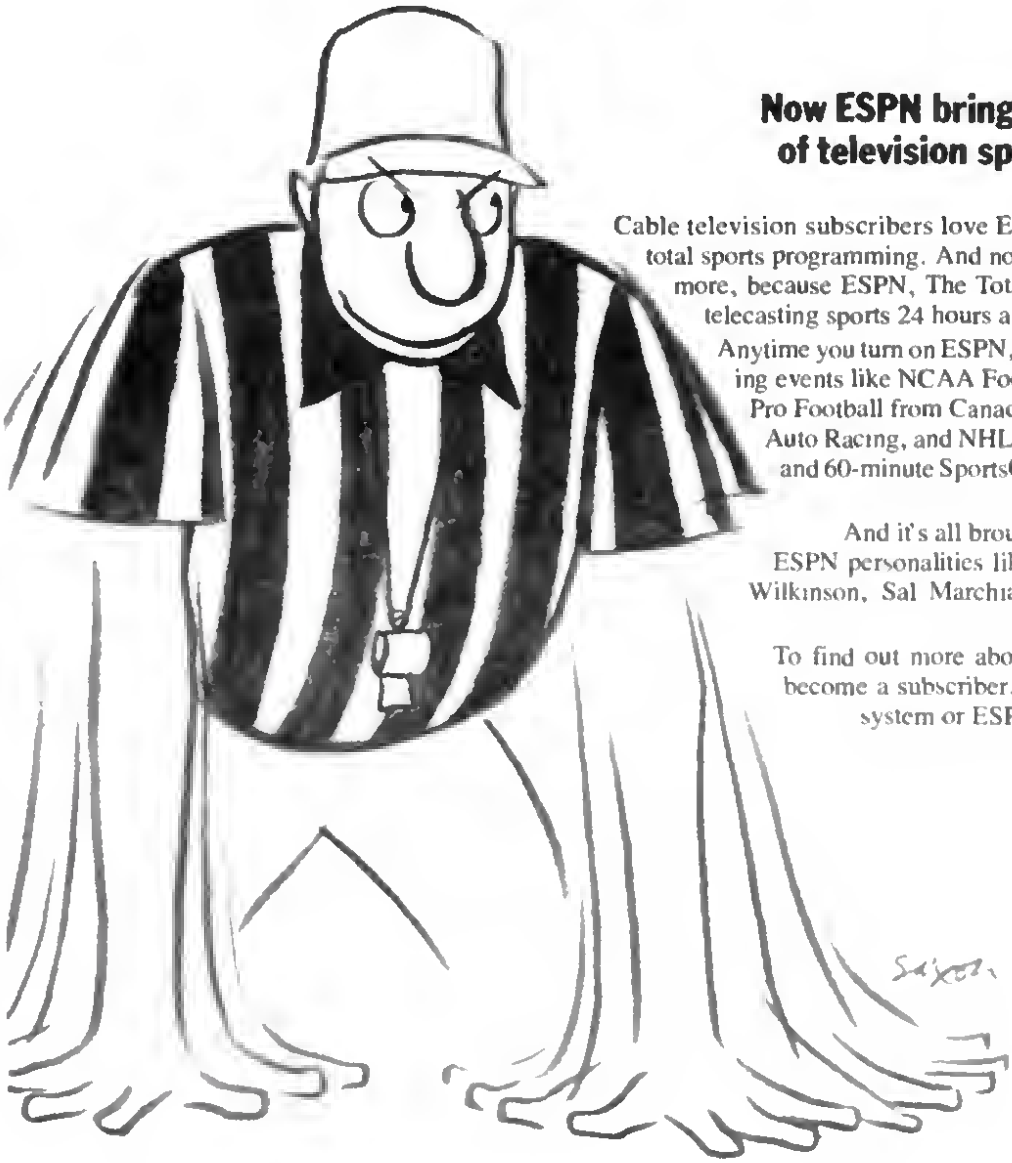
"After Tina, I was mad at God for three years," Jimmy says. Death has played with him; twice he canceled out on planes at the last minute, and then they crashed, all aboard killed. What are the odds on that?

The irony is that cystic fibrosis is a disease of simple, unyielding genetic numbers: one out of every 20 Caucasians carries the genes; when two carriers marry, there is then a 25% chance that a child of theirs will be born with the disease. Thus, one of every 1,600 white children born has cystic fibrosis. But the oddsmaker didn't want to accept this. Frustrated, desolate at the deaths of two daughters, at the disease of his namesake, and all the attendant misery, The Greek would thrash about in despair, get mad at Joan and cry out about *her* "sick genes." It was a horror, the family man searching for a family.

Few diseases are more disruptive than cystic fibrosis. The patient requires constant attention, an hour or more a day of strenuous physical therapy. The children do not live; they are kept alive. The disease primarily attacks the respiratory sys-

continued

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tem: also the digestive and, in males, the reproductive organs, all of life itself. Treatment can be incredibly expensive. Jamie's expenses for a year of treatment were $35,000, and his Catch-22 reward for making 23, covering the spread, was that he became uninsurable. So voracious and exhausting is the disease that it often destroys the families of patients. The incidences of divorce, desertion, wife-beating and alcoholism are all higher among cystic fibrosis families. The healthy children are torn with guilt that they escaped the curse, and parents—like The Greek—become distraught that they "gave" the disease to their own children.

The '60s was when it all unraveled for the Snyder family. Florence was already dead, and Jamie had been diagnosed. Tina wasn't born yet. It was at this time that Bobby Kennedy, the Attorney General, went after the syndicate, after Vegas. The Greek was a name, a symbol. The Greek was vulnerable, too. Pegging him was like catching a restaurant on one of 250 possible fire-department violations. They indicted The Greek for passing casual betting information over the phone, interstate—essentially the same kind of information he dispenses every Sunday on TV. The affair destroyed him. He finally pleaded *nolo contendere*, taking probation and a fine. But he was broke, in debt, out of money, a felon, and any chance he had for a pardon required that he quit gambling.

Almost every nickel of what he could hustle went to pay for Jamie's medication. The Greek had to borrow money so that his family could eat. It was two years or more before anybody got new clothes. Stephanie remembers one time, an all-day outing, when she returned in the evening in the same dress. Another girl said, "Hey, you got the same dress on." She didn't tell her friend that it was the only dress she owned. This is why The Greek buys her a mink coat now, even if she doesn't want it.

But the Snyders survived. "I'd never been poor," Joan says, "but I was never really worried because I knew Jim could put his mind to it and find ways to make money. I knew, with Jim, I'd have money again. He's a fighter."

"I hustled. I played a little cards. I figured out the newspaper column," The Greek says. And that, as it turned out, was the key. He had never written before in his life, but he started turning out a column for the Las Vegas *Sun*. It paid next to nothing, but it began to establish him as a figure, the Mister Odds he has become. No longer was he a gambler; now he was a service.

But then, just as he began to crawl out of debt and from out of the glare of being a felon, little Tina was born. It was the day after Christmas 1965, and her tiny body was so savaged by the disease that she had to spend seven hours of her first day of life being operated on. But she survived and came home to spend two and a half years in the shadow of death. Worse, in a way, she grew just well enough for them all to know how it might have been. Laughing, struggling, Tina would follow her older brother around—"Antsy," she called Anthony—dragging her doll after him. Stephanie still keeps that in her room.

But Tina's lungs were too scarred, and when, mercifully, she was finally taken from her pain, The Greek wrote his whole column in the *Sun* about her. He made her an All-American "in the game of fighting to live," and he carried that metaphor through, concluding, "Her mother rushed her to the hospital and called all her coaches. For nine days she battled . . . but the cystic condition was too much . . .

"Now the Commissioner from up above was watching and decided to draft this gallant little player. With the experience she had, He thought, she would make a great coach for his 'Little Angels.' The draft went through Saturday afternoon, and with the help of Father Baldus, she was sent on her journey up to the 'Little Angel League' Monday noon. The game was over—who was the winner?

"Only those who had the opportunity to watch this Little All-American perform. True, she had her bad days on the field, but the happiness and joys that she gave on her good days far overcame the bad ones. These, we, her rooting section, will never forget—and for these days that will never be forgotten, we are very thankful and grateful to the Commissioner above."

It has been 12 years now since Jimmy lost his second baby. "I still haven't gotten over it," The Greek says. "If only He could have taken me instead."

Stephanie was old enough to understand, and she had gone through some of the same agonies that her father did when he was growing up. Jamie, of course, has the disease: 1,600-to-1. He is quiet, like his mother, with his father's analytical mind: a chess player, mathematician, astronomer. He has gone back to Las Vegas. Finally, there is the son left at home, Anthony, and between him and The Greek there is a special tension. The boy is tall and strong and handsome, an athlete, looking very much like the father did when he was his age, the young gambler already.

One day, in a limousine, The Greek suddenly said, "I'm sorry, I love him, but I've never been that close to Jamie. Forgive me. I'll do anything for him, anything, but I never could. You know, Joan was always taking care of him. Maybe that's why, vicariously, I live so much in Anthony's shoes."

He stared out the tinted window. The Greek is safe now himself. In late 1974 he received a presidential pardon. Now he is a national TV star, national columnist, national celebrity. "Hey, it's The Greek!" "Hey Jimmy, who do you make—?" "Greek, who's the favorite in—?" Jimmy The Greek, the former Jim Snyder, late of Steubenville, Vegas' own.

Most people who identify themselves as family men hold a pat hand in that regard. They have 2.3 children, 1.0 of whom plays the violin, and a lovable dog, and they have a nine-to-five job with major medical and a parking place. It's odds-on to make it as a family man this way. Stephanie says her father still acts like a kid because he never had a childhood himself. Possibly, but more likely, it seems, he acts like a kid because, for one reason or another, his children never had real childhoods. If only you could capture childhood, put velvet behind it and a bright light on it.

Out of the house it is easy for The Greek. Out of the house, as Joan trusted, even in the worst of times The Greek would know how to find an edge. Long ago he had first left home, left the grocery, when his father wouldn't take his advice about how much meat to order. But soon thereafter, Jimmy's father needed one of those newfangled Birds-Eye freezers. The son came up with the cash for it. It was gambling money. There was a tear in the old man's eye as he took the bills. Jimmy has never forgotten that. Ever after, you can be sure, The Greek has only wanted to be a father, crying for happiness. END


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NOSTALGIA

by MICHAEL CROSBY

IN THREE-ON-THREE IN ROCKAWAY THE BALL WENT THISAWAY AND THATAWAY

The year is 1948, and it is a hot summer morning on a basketball court in a playground at 108th Street in Rockaway Beach, a part of New York City. One end of the court is deserted. At the other end, watched by 20 or 30 young men who are sitting against the fence awaiting their turn to play and by a large crowd standing on the boardwalk, six youths are playing a game of half-court basketball. Player No. 1 throws the ball in from under the basket and out across the foul line to player No. 2, who dribbles twice to his left as player No. 3 goes to his right behind him, running his man into a pick. No. 2 gives the ball back to No. 1, who throws a bounce pass to No. 3 as he comes down the lane toward the basket. No. 1's man picks up No. 3, who appears to be going in for a layup. Suddenly, with his gaze fixed on the basket, No. 3 flicks the ball to No. 1, who is all alone. With both feet on the ground, No. 1 sends up a high looping shot. The ball, apparently off course, hits a dead place high on the backboard and drops through the hoop. There is no swish because there is no net. Bob Cousy, Al McGuire and Dick McGuire are playing the Rockaway Game, quite possibly the most sophisticated street or playground game ever played in the city of New York. There are no slam-dunks, no midair 360-degree spins, no jump shots, but the game is far from dull. Although the players don't have the physical attributes of today's athletes, they have a style, a finesse, an aggressiveness, especially on defense, and, above all, a sense of teamwork that in recent years has all but vanished from both playgrounds and the pro game.

It began in 1939 when the playground, later known unofficially as "McGuire's playground," was built and the baskets were installed. The local kids came out, and under the leadership of 13-year-old Dick McGuire, whose parents owned a bar a block away, began to develop their own special, unselfish brand of play, a style rooted partly in the Irish-Catholic ethos, in which self-effacement plays a large role, and partly in the reverse snobbery of old-fashioned New York cool. There were no "all-worlds" or "I am the greatests" at Rockaway. If you ask Dick McGuire, for eight years the New York Knickerbockers' playmaking guard and now their chief scout, how he developed the passing game that made him famous, he says, "We had to pass a lot because we weren't as good as the players today. They don't need to do what we did. They bring the ball up with one hand and shoot a 20-foot jumper right in your face. We had to look for the open man."

At first the game belonged to the permanent residents of Rockaway—Dick McGuire; brother Al, who became famous in the NBA for saying that he "owned" Bob Cousy; brother John, known for his football-style defensive tactics; occasionally Gil Clancy, now director of boxing for Madison Square Garden; Harry Day, who knew the dead spots on the backboard better than anyone; and even a few non-Irish—for example, Norman Ochs, Buddy Ackerman and Ed Bacalles, the last famed for his ability to shoot accurately in a high wind. "I was Jewish, but I knew what mass every kid who owned a ball went to," says Ochs. "I'd get to Jackie Craven's house 15 minutes before mass and I'd say, 'Hey, let's play basketball.' He'd say, 'I don't know, I have to go to mass.' 'Well, look. I'd say, 'give me the ball and we'll get you into a game right after mass.' Then when he'd get there, there'd be 25 or 30 guys ahead of him."

One way or the other, they played. If the bladder of a ball broke, they'd fill it with newspaper and forget about dribbling. If there was no ball at all, they'd roll up a few woolen watch caps. Passing became the name of the game, and the disease known as "Rockawayitis," or one pass too many, came into being. Gradually the word spread and players started to come from outside Rockaway—Jimmy Weston, now the owner of a restaurant in the East 50s, from Ridgewood, Queens; Bobby Wanzer and Sherman White from New Jersey; Carl Braun from Garden City; Ray Lumpp from Forest Hills; Richie Guerin and Dolph Schayes from the Bronx; Chuck Connors, of *The Rifleman* fame, from Brooklyn; Ray Felix from Manhattan; Tommy Heinsohn from way over in Union City, N.J.; and from St. Albans, another part of Queens, one Robert Cousy. "We didn't know it then, but we were laying the foundations of the modern NBA," says Al McGuire. "It was the top guns coming in from everywhere."

But Cousy, Heinsohn and Schayes notwithstanding, the playground belonged to Dick McGuire. Often he would come over barefoot and say, "I'm not playing today." Then someone would say, "Get Dick a pair of sneakers." One day he'd play in a size 9 and another day in a 10½. Sometimes he played barefoot, and on one occasion he destroyed a group of hotshots from Andrew Jackson High while wearing a blue suit and leather-soled shoes. It didn't matter to him who was on his side. It could be a 15-year-old, it could be Dolph Schayes. Dick McGuire made everybody look good, and when something went wrong it was always "My mistake, my mistake." *continued*



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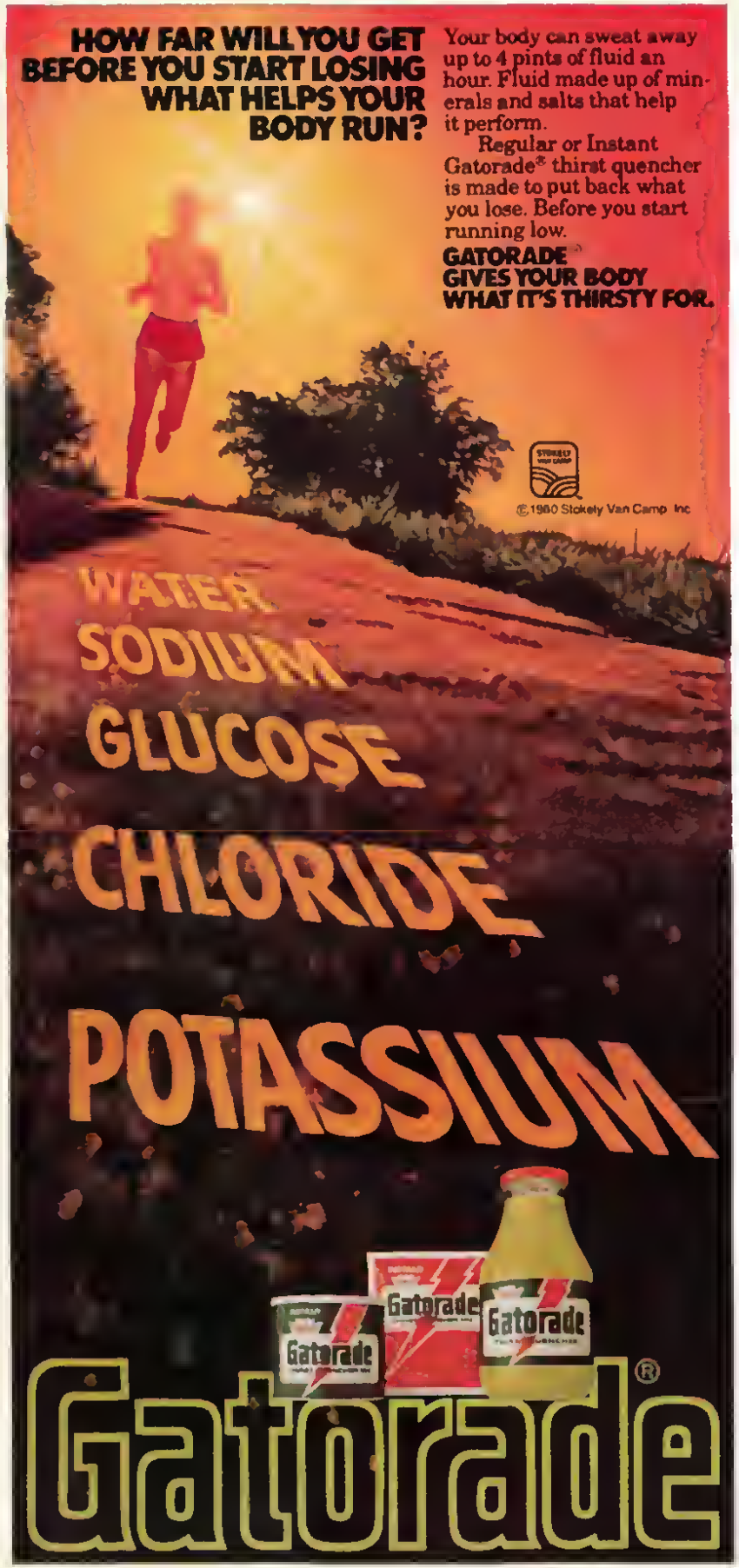
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McGuire and his Rockaway buddies played through the '50s, getting more and more sophisticated, but the game petered out in the mid-'60s when urban renewal brought an end to the Rockaway way of life. "It was the place the pros came to in the summer to sharpen their skills," says Lumpp, a former Knick and now athletic director at the New York Athletic Club. "It was a rough, physical game, but there were no fights. You called your own fouls, and sometimes you even called them on yourself. Defense was tough because the team that scored kept the ball. If you didn't play defense you could be off the court in no time. And you stuck to the basics—weave, pick and roll, give and go, look for the open man, one hand up on defense, one hand down, no cross-court passes, when you get a rebound don't bring the ball down or they'll take it away. Above all, move without the ball. Today they break every one of these rules. They're so good they don't have to follow the basics." This is said without a trace of sarcasm. Humility was and is the Rockaway code.

Maybe they are that good, and maybe it's worth paying $13.50 to watch four guys stand around while one grabs a rebound, jogs down the court and throws up an off-balance 30-footer, but not according to Cousy. "They're bigger and stronger than we were," he says. "They jump higher and shoot better but with respect to the other skills, they've regressed. You have to create movement. The way we played is still the right way."

It's pretty hard to argue with Cousy, because NBA championships usually are still won by the teams that pay at least some attention to the basics—teams like Washington, Portland and Seattle. No matter how fantastic an individual's abilities are, it's still the open man who has the best chance of scoring, not the hotshot who yells "in your face." For those teams that keep asking why they have losing records despite being loaded with $500,000 "superstars," the answer is simple: move your training camp to Rockaway. The air is clean and the hotel rates are cheap. Harry Day is dead now and Al McGuire is in Milwaukee, but Ed Bacalles and John McGuire are still around, Braun, Lumpp and Ochs aren't far away, Gil Clancy still comes down to body-surf, and Dick—well, if somebody can just find him a pair of sneakers, maybe he can demonstrate how to hit the open man. **END**

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Monday, Sept. 29	Denver at New England	8:50PM
Monday, Oct. 6	Tampa Bay at Chicago	8:50PM
Monday, Oct. 13	Washington at Denver	8:50PM
Monday, Oct. 20	Oakland at Pittsburgh	8:50PM
Sunday, Oct. 26	San Diego at Dallas	8:50PM
Monday, Oct. 27	Miami at New York Jets	8:50PM
Monday, Nov. 3	Chicago at Cleveland	8:50PM
Monday, Nov. 10	New England at Houston	8:50PM
Monday, Nov. 17	Oakland at Seattle	8:50PM
Thursday, Nov. 20	San Diego at Miami	8:20PM
Monday, Nov. 24	Los Angeles at New Orleans	8:50PM
*Thursday, Nov. 27	Chicago at Detroit	12:15PM
	Seattle at Dallas	3:45PM
Monday, Dec. 1	Denver at Oakland	8:50PM
Thursday, Dec. 4	Pittsburgh at Houston	8:20PM
Monday, Dec. 8	New England at Miami	8:50PM
*Saturday, Dec. 13	New York Giants at Washington	12:15PM
	Seattle at San Diego	3:45PM
Monday, Dec. 15	Dallas at Los Angeles	8:50PM
*Saturday, Dec. 20	New York Jets at Miami	12:15PM
	Chicago at Tampa Bay	3:45PM
Monday, Dec. 22	Pittsburgh at San Diego	8:50PM

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Yesterday

by BILL COLSON

SLUGGER MOOSE ALEXANDER IS GONE AND, ALAS, HE'S ALL BUT FORGOTTEN

The early 1930s were the Golden Age of first basemen. Lou Gehrig, Jimmy Foxx, George Sisler, Bill Terry, Hank Greenberg, Jim Bottomley, George Kelly—that's seven Hall of Famers who played the position between 1930 and 1933. The supporting cast included Joe Judge, a .297 career hitter, and Lew Fonseca (.316), the 1929 American League batting champion. However, not all of the above could hit the ball like Dale (Moose) Alexander, a lumbering 6' 3", 220-pound Tennessee farm boy who was fated to become the Rodney Dangerfield of the game of baseball.

To get any respect back in those lively-ball days a player had to bat a least .300. Alexander compiled a formidable .331 average for his five-year major league career, hit better than .300 during 17 of his 19 years in pro ball, in 1929 had perhaps the most productive season at the plate of any rookie and edged Foxx for the 1932 A.L. batting title.

A lot of good it did him. Following the 1933 season, Alexander was banished to minor league oblivion in the prime of his career, never to see the big leagues again. Today he remains little more than a footnote in the chronicles of the period, an all-but-forgotten slugger who once was considered the righthanded heir apparent to Babe Ruth by more than one sportswriter.

In 1928, Alexander led the International League in hitting with a .380 average, then signed with Detroit. As a 26-year-old rookie he finished 10th in hitting (.343), fifth in homers (25) and tied for first in hits (215) with teammate Charlie Gehringer. Had there been a Rookie of the Year award then, it assuredly would have been his. His batting average stands as the best ever by an American League first-year player, and in 1975 *Baseball Digest* picked him as the first baseman on its alltime all-rookie team.

In 1930 and '31, Alexander hit .326 and .325, 18th- and 12th-best in the league, but at the start of the '32 season Tiger Manager Bucky Harris benched him to make room for sweet-fielding but light-hitting Harry Davis. Then, in one of Detroit's greatest trading gaffes, early in the season Harris dealt both Alexander and Outfielder Roy Johnson to Boston for Outfielder Earl Webb. Webb had set the major league single-season mark for doubles (67) in 1931 but was now in the twilight of his career. Alexander hit .367 to become the first Red Sox player to win a batting title; he and Harry Walker (.363, 1947, St. Louis and Philadelphia) are the only ones ever to be batting champs while playing for two teams in a single season.

"Dale had one peculiarity," recalls Joe Cashman, who covered the Sox for the Boston *Record* for 42 years until his retirement in 1970. "He hit everything to the right of second base. He's the only righthanded hitter I've ever seen that other teams used the Williams shift against. A righthander who doesn't pull in Fenway has to be out of his mind, but Big Alex won the crown hitting to the deepest part of the field."

If Alexander didn't feel rejected in Detroit, he certainly must have in Boston. In July of 1933 he was spiked and forced out of the lineup for several weeks. One day during a game he was in the clubhouse receiving a new form of heat therapy for the injury. The trainer, who was watching the game from the bench, became so engrossed in a Sox rally that he forgot about Alexander. By the time the trainer had returned to the clubhouse, Alexander's left leg, to quote John Drohan of the Boston *Traveler*, "was roasted like a leg of lamb." He finished the year with a .281.

But things got even worse for Moose. At the end of the 1933 season the Red Sox hired his nemesis, Harris, who had managed the Tigers through five dreary seasons. One of Harris' first moves was to send Alexander to the minors in exchange for three young pitchers. Although the leg injury was a factor in his decision, Harris still considered Alexander an inept fielder.

Just how poor Alexander's fielding was remains unclear. While he led the league's first basemen in errors his first two seasons and a few of his contemporaries now remember him as being very mediocre, others, among them Tiger teammate Billy Rogell and Yankee Pitcher Lefty Gomez, maintain that he was adequate defensively. "Alexander was one of the great righthanded hitters," says Gomez. "People said he couldn't play first base, but I never saw him make a bad play."

One point on which no one disagrees is that Alexander wasn't a fast runner. "A great hitter, but it took two or three doubles to score him," recalls Gehringer. "When he made a big lunge to his right to reach a ground ball, he'd be stuck. If he came up with it, he usually couldn't beat the runner to the bag. And when he couldn't field the ball and I could, the pitcher had to cover for him." There's no telling what he could have accomplished as a DH, a role for which he would have been perfectly cast.

Klutz though he may have been on the base paths and with the glove, Alexander batted .336 for Newark in the International League in 1934. Then it was on to the American Association and Kansas City, where he hit .358 and .315 and once clubbed four consecutive home runs. In 1941 Alexander retired and began a 30-year career scouting for the Giants, Braves and Red Sox. His lack of renown had been a product of plain bad luck. He played on dismal teams. No matter how well he hit, a teammate overshadowed him. When he batted .343 in 1929, Harry Heilmann, another Hall of Famer, finished at .344. The next season Gehringer hit four points better. Even Alexander's hitting title is somewhat besmirched. One Red Sox history lists Smead Jolley as the team leader in 1932 because Alexander had come to bat 392 times, eight shy of the minimum the author deemed necessary for consideration. (The league requirement at the time was left to the discretion of the league's president.) Worse still, the Detroit Tiger media guide devotes two pages to "Tigers to Remember," and doesn't remember Alexander at all.

Why the gods of baseball turned on Alexander is hard to fathom. But if it's possible for the tenor of a man's career to be summed up by a single incident, then what happened to him one afternoon in Detroit says it all. Gehringer recalls: "He smashed a tremendous shot to dead center that hit about 20 feet up our flagpole just inside the fence. An inch either way and it would have been way up in the bleachers, but the ball bounced right back into play and nearly ended up in the infield. Any ordinary guy would have been standing at second, but Dale got only a single out of it." END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 25-31

Compiled by ROY S. JOHNSON

BOXING—JULIAN SOLIS of Puerto Rico beat champion Jorge Lujan of Panama on a split decision in Miami Beach to win the WBA bantamweight title.

CYCLING—BETH HEIDEN averaged 18.99 mph over a 33.3-mile course to win the women's world road-racing championship at Sallanches, France, edging Tuulikki Jahre of Sweden and Amanda Jones of Britain in the finishing sprint. Heiden is only the second American to win the title in the event's 23-year history.

PRO FOOTBALL—The battle for bragging rights in the Big Apple was a rout as the Jets, who led the NFL in rushing last season, unleashed a powerful passing attack and walloped the Giants 32–7 in an exhibition game. After firing a 90-yard scoring bomb to No. 1 draft pick Johnny (Lam) Jones on his first pass, Jet Quarterback Richard Todd connected on TD passes of nine, eight and 30 yards. Atlanta wasted no time in its 51–35 defeat of Baltimore, rookie Reggie Smith, who's only 5'4", returning the opening kickoff 96 yards and igniting the Falcons to a 41–7 lead. The Colts' Greg Landry threw three second-half TD passes. Pittsburgh scored four second-half TDs and routed Dallas 31–10. San Diego's scoring machine, second only to Pittsburgh's last year, sputtered again as the Chargers fell to Los Angeles 34–17. San Diego quarterbacks were sacked seven times for minus-74 yards. Minnesota quarterbacks Tommy Kramer, Mike Livingston and Steve Dils fared better, throwing for four TDs and 297 yards in a 38–16 drubbing of Cleveland. Green Bay, the only winless team during the preseason, was shut out as Denver's Matt Robinson hit on 12 of 17 passes for 186 yards and two TDs in a 38–0 romp. The Bronco defense held the Packers to 17 yards rushing. There were some close games, too. Oakland's Jim Plunkett hit Tight End Derrick Ramsey with a 14-yard TD pass with :04 left to edge Philadelphia 24–23. Seattle led New England by the same score late in the third period but then Efren Herrera, who had kicked a 53-yard field goal in the second quarter, connected on two more field goals of 47 and 42 yards for a 30–23 Seahawk win. After falling behind Washington 6–0, Tampa Bay won 11–6 on two safeties and a four-yard touchdown run by Quarterback Chuck Fusina. San Francisco, which won more games in preseason play—three—than it did during the entire '79 regular season, beat Kansas City 31–21. St. Louis defeated Chicago 21–13. Earl Campbell rushed for 109 yards in leading Houston to a 24–7 win over Buffalo. Detroit beat Cincinnati 15–10; and Miami whipped New Orleans 20–0.

GOLF—HAL SUTTON of Shreveport, La., defeated Bob Lewis Jr. of Warren, Ohio, nine and eight, to win the U.S. Amateur title at Pinehurst, N.C.

HARNESS RACING—BURGOMEISTER ($3), driven by Billy Haughton, beat Devil Hanover by 2¼ lengths in the final heat to win the $293,570 Hambletonian, the second leg of trotting's Triple Crown in Du Quoin, Ill. The 3-year-old colt was timed in 1:56⅗. (page 24)

LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL—TAIWAN beat Tampa 4–3 to win the World Series, the fourth straight for a Taiwanese team and ninth in the last 12 years.

SOCCER—NASL. Last season San Diego eliminated Chicago in the conference semifinal playoffs before losing to Tampa Bay in the championship series. Last week, despite Chicago's having the third-best record in the league, the result was the same, the Sockers upsetting the Sting by splitting the two-game series and then winning a shootout after a 1–1 deadlock in the minigame. Chicago lost the series opener 2–1, then took the second game 3–2 when Karl-Heinz Granitza scored the game-winner at 70:19. San Diego scored early in the minigame, but the Sting's Peter Ressel tied it with 1:52 remaining. The Sting couldn't get a shootout goal, while the Sockers scored on their first three attempts. Los Angeles eliminated Washington, winner of 14 of its last 21 regular-season games, when the Aztecs took the minigame 2–0 on two goals by Dragan Simic. NSC West champion Seattle eliminated NASL defeading champion Vancouver. After winning at Vancouver 2–1 in overtime, the Sounders triumphed 3–1 in the Kingdome. Tampa Bay, winner of the ASC East, scored a shutout sweep of New England, winning 1–0 in Foxboro, Mass., and 4–0 at home as Oscar Fabbiani, last season's scoring leader who was hampered by injuries much of this season, got two goals and an assist. NSC Central champ Dallas had little trouble with second-place Minnesota, beating the Kicks 1–0 on a goal by Njego Pesa and 2–0 at home on goals by Zequinha. Fort Lauderdale took its opener on the road from California, winning 2–1 on an open-net goal by Gerd Mueller; the Strikers then lost to the Surf 2–0 before winning the minigame in a shootout. Edmonton Coach Timo Liekoski, Coach of the Year at Houston last season before leaving at the end of the year, gained his first win over his former team when Andre Oostrom scored at 85:17 to give the Drillers a 2–1 victory in the first game of their series. He then had the pleasure of eliminating the Hurricane with a 1–0 minigame victory Sunday, Hayden Knight scored the game-winner. New York's Giorgio Chinaglia is becoming soccer's Mr. September. After getting a pair of goals to lead the Cosmos to a 3–1 win over Tulsa in the series opener, he bombed the Roughnecks for seven more in the 8–1 elimination (page 94). He now has 29 goals in his last 22 playoff games.

ASL. New York won a preview of the playoffs, which begin this week, beating National Conference-leading Pennsylvania 2–0. The second-place United, who also beat California 2–0, will meet the Stoners in the first round. Representatives from the American Conference was yet to be decided. Conference-leading Sacramento beat second-place Golden Gate 4–3 on two goals by Mike Muscini, before tying the Gales 3–3 two days later. Third-place Miami lost any chance of gaining a playoff berth when the Americans were defeated by Cleveland 9–2. Ruben Astigarraga scored four goals for the Cobras.

TRACK & FIELD—STEVE OVETT of Great Britain ran 1,500 meters in a world-record 3:31.4 in Koblenz, West Germany, lowering by .7 seconds the mark he had shared with his countryman Sebastian Coe. Thomas Wessinghage of West Germany, who was second, and his countryman Harald Hudak, in third, also finished under the old record.

MILEPOSTS—HIRED: As general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, WHITEY HERZOG, 48, who has managed the club since June 8 when he replaced Ken Boyer. RED SCHOENDIENST, 57, who managed the Cards for 12 seasons (1965-76) and has been a coach with them since 1979, was named interim manager.

TRADED: By the San Diego Clippers, All-Star Guard LLOYD FREE, 26, the self-proclaimed "All-World" who averaged 30.2 points a game last year and finished second in the league in scoring the past two seasons, for six-year Guard PHIL SMITH, 28, of Golden State and a first-round draft pick in 1984. Smith, a two-time All-Star, averaged 15.5 points a game last season.

CREDITS

24, 25—Hal Stoelzle (6); Barton Silverman (top right). 26, 27—Barton Silverman (left); Barry Tenin (top); Hal Stoelzle. 28, 29—Barton Silverman (bottom center, top right); Hal Stoelzle (3). 32—poster-Joe Charboneau ©1980 The "980's Inc. Cleveland, Ohio. All Rights Reserved. 36-38, 40—illustrations by Don Moss. 39—Shelly Katz Black Star. 86—Lane Stewart. 90—Jerry Wachter. 94—UPI. 108—John W. Balogac. 108—courtesy Jimmy Snyder. 110—Lui K. Wong-The Richmond Times Dispatch, The Richmond News Leader.

FACES IN THE CROWD



FRANNIE PRIDEMORE
SANDSTON, VA.

Frankie, 12, a lefthanded pitcher for the Sandston Little League Orioles, threw three straight no-hitters, five overall, had a 9–1 record and led his team to the league title. For the year, he had 145 strikeouts in 60 innings and a 0.75 ERA.



DEBBIE SAYRE
YERINGTON, NEV.

Debbie, a junior at Yerington High, won eight events (the open 200-meter freestyle, backstroke and IM and the 15–18 50-meter free and butterfly and 100-meter free, back and IM) at the state B League swimming championships at Lovelock.



JOHN HANCOCH
STOCKTON, CALIF.

John, a recent graduate of Edison High, completed a three-year tennis career with a 45–0 league record and three San Joaquin Athletic Association singles titles. The streak began in 1978 and ended this year with wins over David Neal of Lodi High.



SHEILA EVANS
PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA

Evans, 65 years old, beat Wilma Smith 6–4, 6–0 to win the USTA Women's 65 Hard Court title in Los Angeles; teamed with Bill Hussey, 64, to win the mixed-doubles title, and with Marga Lee Mahony, 66, reached the finals of the women's doubles.



LaVONNA MARTIN
TROTWOOD, OHIO

LaVonna, 13, won the girls' 200-meter hurdles at The Athletic Congress national age-group meet in Tempe and 400 dash at the Track and Field Association nationals in Dayton, setting meet (12-13) records of 28.1 and 56.3, respectively.

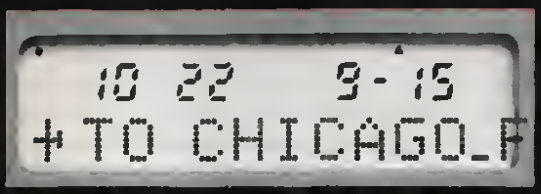


BRIAN BURKE
WARWICK, R.I.

Brian, a recent Pilgrim High graduate, hit .491 and had a 5–2 pitching record in pacing the Patriots to the Metropolitan state baseball title. Also a three-time all-state basketball player, he averaged 26.8 points a game this year.

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19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

OH, THOSE O'S

Sir

There were no real losers during the Oriole-Yankee series (*Now the Race Is On*, Aug. 25). Both teams should take a bow for the excitement they provided. Baseball was never better.

Also, the O's proved once again that division leaders can still be produced without recourse to the owner's checkbook. That Yankee owner George Steinbrenner (or any owner, for that matter) is allowed to purchase new players this late in the season is outrageous. In my opinion I sincerely hope that Oriole owner Edward Bennett Williams will not tamper with an already successful formula. Weaver + O's + farm teams = success.

PATRICIA A. MILKOWSKI
Baltimore

Sir

Bird-watchers everywhere took delight in Steve Wulf's incisive story on the Orioles and their drubbing of the "Damn Yankees." However, let's hope that Wulf, among others, doesn't underestimate the considerable contribution of Steve Stone to the Baltimore cause. As of this writing Steve is 21–5 and the mainstay of the best pitching staff in baseball. Stone should not only win the Cy Young Award but also be seriously considered for American League MVP.

NELSON E. COFFIN
San Diego

Sir

A manager or coach is just as vital a part of a team as the players are. But very rarely are these mentors fully recognized. It's about time SI gave its Sportsman of the Year award to a manager, and who's better than Earl Weaver, the Earl of Baltimore?

EDDIE WHITE
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Sir

Manny Millan's shot on page 10 of No. 10 Terry Crowley's game-winning (1–0) hit with the Yankees' catcher, No. 10 Rick Cerone, looking on is another outstanding SI picture. Give it a 10.

JOHN J. FARRELLY
Milwaukee

JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS

Sir

I am a physical therapist in Oklahoma City. In your Aug. 11 article on the Moscow Olympics (*How's This, Mrs. Mullory?*) you showed pictures of East German high jumper Gerd Wessig jumping higher than he ever had before. What interested me was the narrow band around his left leg. From your photograph (see below) there appeared to be electrodes, with a wire running down his leg.

I am curious to know if he was wearing a transcutaneous electrical nerve stimulator for control of pain or an electrical stimulator to improve his performance or what.

GARY PEABODY
Oklahoma City

• According to an East German journalist with whom SI's Anita Verschoth spoke, Wessig says, "It would be very nice if such things existed." Wessig went on to explain that he had a little trouble with the ligaments in his left knee, so he tied a tight bandage just below the knee to give it support, knotting the bandage toward the back. What appears to be a wire leading from the bandage to his sock, Wessig says, is probably a thread that had become unraveled. Verschoth adds that there was no suggestion of unfair play by East German athletes or officials at the Games.—ED



HIGH JUMPER WESSIG'S WHATSIT

JIMMY'S NEW SPORT

Sir

As a flytier and fly fisherman, and also an environmentalist and conservationist, I was excited by the item in SCORECARD (Aug. 25) on President Carter's interest in the sport. To have the most important person in our government sharing the pleasures of flytying and flyfishing is indeed a pleasant thought. This is a time when more and more of our rivers, streams, lakes and ponds are threatened in various ways, and our government and its agencies can do much to help.

WILLIAM F. OSTROWSKI
Stafford Springs, Conn.

Sir,

Think again about the President's secret fishing hideaway no longer being secret. If SI keeps the gawking tourists circling around Franklin, Pa., Carter will have all the privacy he wants while fishing Spruce Creek.

continued



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Until someone spoils everything by checking a map of this part of the world, we'll enjoy seeing the Presidential helicopter overhead now and then and hope he enjoys the beauty of our still unidentified area.

NANCY S. STIFFD
Petersburg, Pa.

• Alas, the secret's out. At the time our item went to press, a UPI story placed President Carter's Spruce Creek fishing spot "near Franklin," and a White House spokesman confirmed that location. We now know that it is near Franklinville, which is in Huntingdon County's Franklin Township.—ED.

HARNESS RACING'S OBSESSION

Sir:

There is an easy answer to Douglas S. Looney's questions about harness racing's psyche (*Money Isn't Everything—or Is It?* Aug. 18): the sport is obsessed with accomplishment. Last year, as Looney pointed out, seven of the top 15 money-winning horses were standardbreds. This year, as of Aug. 18, five of the top 10 are pacers and trotters. The interesting thing is that our obsession apparently is contagious. A few years ago the running tracks looked with contempt at harness racing's promotional zeal. Now Belmont Park has a resident marketing specialist with an $8 million budget for promotions. Fifteen years after harness racing introduced prerace blood testing, thoroughbred racing is becoming convinced it is the wave of the future. And a week after the Woodrow Wilson Pace, thoroughbred racing announced it would have a million-dollar race. If one must have a complex, it's nice to be a leader.

STANLEY F. BERGSTEIN
Executive Vice-President
Harness Tracks of America, Inc.
Chicago

NEWPORT'S JUMPING

Sir:

While Frank Deford's article on Newport (*Red Pants, No Socks and a Little Chowder Action*, Aug. 18) brought out much of the city's color, it neglected the International Jumping Derby, the third leg of show jumping's Triple Crown. Now in its fifth year, the Derby is the nation's richest equestrian event, offering $63,000 in prize money. It also blends beautifully with Newport's conviviality and sophistication, because along with four days of top-caliber competition over the nation's most challenging course, fans can enjoy tailgate parties, carnival rides, pony rides and band performances. The Derby's late-September dates promise to carry this summer's gala atmosphere right into autumn.

MARTY BAUMAN
International Jumping Derby
Newport

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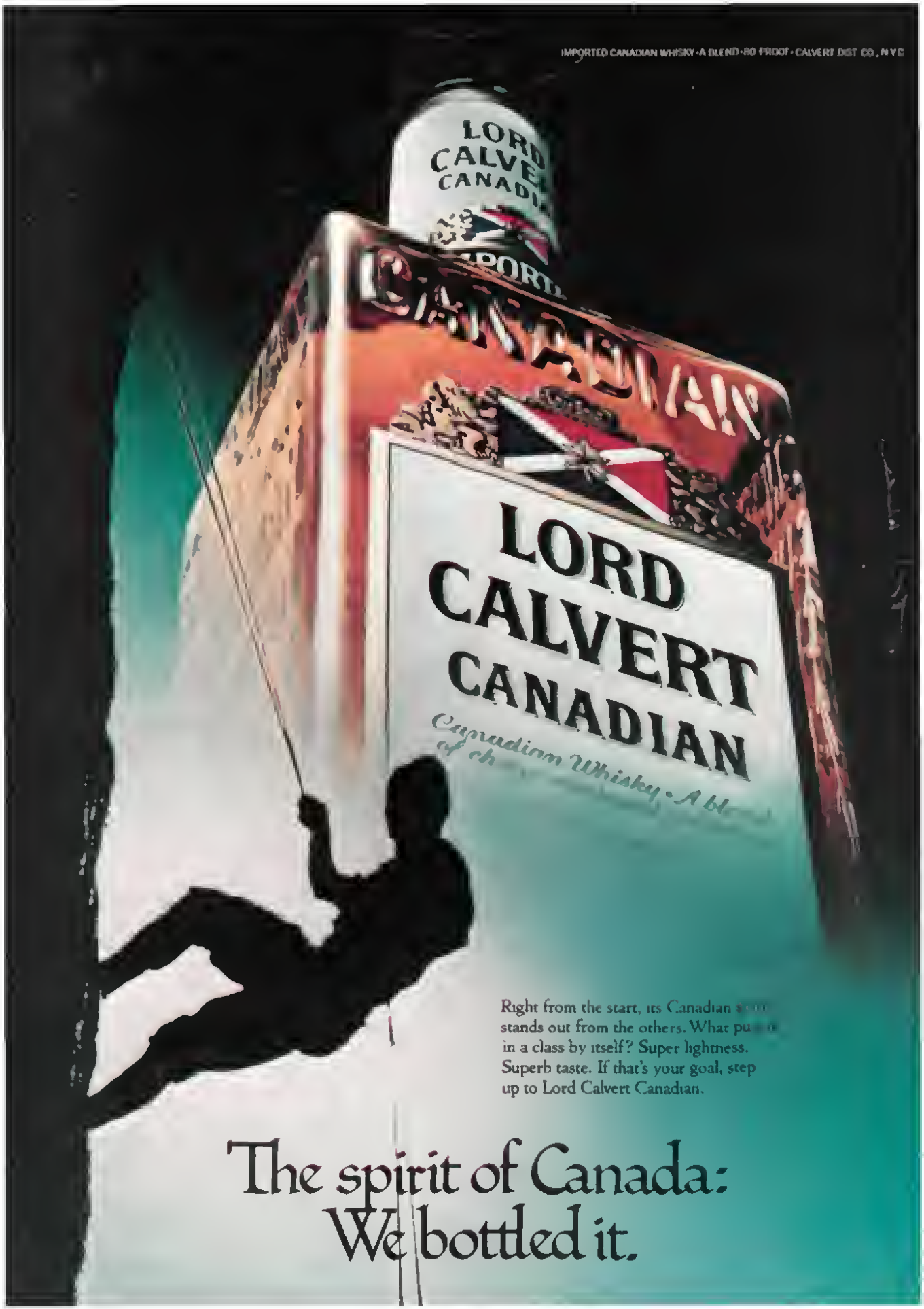
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